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PRESIDENTIAL HOODOO ON HABITUAL CANDIDATE

uring the course of the last 100 rs of presidential contests it seems have become a popular superstition hoodoo idea with the American peo- that a candidate who runs too often the highest office in the gift of the ion ought not to be elected presi- t of the United States. In view of fact that three of the most emi- t of all American statesmen, Henry y, Daniel Webster and James G. ine, were repeatedly turned down in ir efforts to capture the coveted sidential prize, the question arises ether Col. William Jennings Bryan succeed in breaking the precedent firmly established.

ach of the three American statesn whose names are mentioned cher- d the ambition of becoming presi- t, and each died without achieving desire of his life. Henry Clay was Mr. Bryan; he had a winning per- ality, hypnotic eloquence over his liences and tremendous personal ularity. Known for half a century "the great commoner" of his epoch, had repeatedly rendered his coun- inestimable services, such as ef- ting in 1832 a wise compromise of tariff, thus averting the threatened ession of South Carolina, and the promise in regard to slavery known as the "compromise of 1850." He failed ee times to capture the presidency. was a candidate for the first time 1824, in opposition to John Quincy ams, Andrew Jackson and William Crawford. As the electoral college failed to make any choice, the election devolved upon the house of representatives, which chose Mr. Adams. Mr. Clay was again a presidential candidate in 1832, but Gen. Jackson proved too popular, and Clay received only the vote of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky. He was the third time nominated for the presidency in 1844, and defeated after an intensely exciting political campaign.

For entirely different reasons Daniel Webster, in spite of his great achievements and gigantic intellect, failed completely in the most burning desire of his life—to become president. He was destined to die broken-hearted, without realizing his ambition. He was even more unfortunate than Clay, who could at least obtain the nomination of his party as long as there was the least hope of final success at the polls. Webster attained the height of popularity in 1831, when, in the United States senate, he made his famous reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, defending the right and duty of the federal government to prevent by force, if necessary, the dissolution of the American union. His "Union and liberty! One and inseparable!" became a slogan throughout the north, and he was the idol of his fellow-countrymen. His changing front from a free trader in 1824 to a protectionist in 1828 and the marked change of attitude toward slavery and the south, as revealed in his 7th of March, 1850, speech, approving the fugutive slave law, completely alienated from him the support of the majority of his party. His flowing oratory captivated everybody and people listened to him with rapture and wonder, but the presidency obstinately ran away from him to other men. The vote for him as a candidate in party conventions was always pitifully small and confined to New England or a part of it. Yet he desperately clung to fading hopes, and his life was embittered by several times finding mediocre men of military reputation preferred to himself. The supreme tragedy of his tempestuous life came in 1852, when his hopes rose to the highest pitch, only to be presently rudely shattered. Shortly after this staggering blow he died in the bitterness of his disappointment October 24, 1852, at the age of seventy.

The third American statesman who was seized with a burning presidential fever was James G. Blaine, whose public record is full of the most remarkable acts of constructive statesmanship, who for thirty years was the most brilliant orator in the Republican party, and who was, like Henry Clay and Col. William J. Bryan, intensely popular. In 1870 he induced Great Britain to recognize the right of her subjects to change their allegiance. Again, in 1890, as secreary of state under President Harrison, he inaugurated the first Pan-American conference. It was he who led the forces successfully that defeated Gen. Grant's becoming in 1880 for the third time the Republican nominee for the presidency.

These certainly are notable achievements, yet the so-called Mulligan letters caused Mr. Blaine to lose the nomination in 1876 and in 1880. In 1844 he was nominated, but was defeated for the presidency by the Democratic candidate, Grover Cleveland.

BIG GRAND ARMY PARADE

Details of the formation of the st parade of the Grand Army of Republic, to take place in Toledo Wednesday, September 2, have been pleted by Colonel J. Cory Wmans, f of staff, and General William V. Aken, chief marshal, and the detments and divisions have been asned to positions. Illinois will be first to move. Commander-in-chief rles G. Burton and his staff, mount- will form on Madison avenue, with right resting on Fifteenth street, will be preceded by a squadron mounted police. Toledo Post, G. A. will act as escort. All past comnders-in-chief will ride in carges and behind these distinguished sts will be the departments in the er named: Department of Wisconwill form on Fifteenth street, right ting on Madison street; department Pennsylvania, on west side of nth street, right resting on Madi- avenue; department of New York, east side of Sixteenth street, right ting on Madison avenue; departnts of Maine, California and Nevada, ode Island, New Hampshire and nont will form in the order named, Sixteenth street, in rear of departnt of New York, right resting on ams and Empire streets; departnts of Potomac, Virginia, Maryland Nebraska on Vermont avenue, ht resting on Empire street; deptment of Michigan on west side of enteenth street, right resting at tson avenue and extending north Franklin avenue; department of a on west side of Franklin avenue; rtment of Indiana, on east side of Seventeenth street, right resting at Madison avenue; departments of Colorado and Wyoming, on east side of Franklin avenue; department of Kansas, in two columns, on Eighteenth street, right at Madison avenue; department of Delaware, on east side of Eighteenth street; department of Minnesota, on west side of Warren street, right at Madison avenue; department of Minnesota on west side of Warren street, right at Madison avenue. Then will follow the departments of Oregon, Kentucky, West Virginia, South Dakota, Washington, Arkansas, New Mexico and Utah, forming on west side of Warren street; Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama, North Dakota and Oklahoma also forming on Warren street, with right at Adams street.

The Battle Flag division will form on Irving street; the National Association of ex-Prisoners of War in rear of Battle Flag division. The department of Ohio, the hosts of the encampment, will march at the extreme left, forming two solid columns on Warren street, with the right at Irving street.

A dozen or more places where refreshments will be served free to the veterans and will be looked after by an army of competent volunteers. A floral committee has adopted the rose as the official flower of the encampment, and a color scheme of red and yellow, the colors of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be carried out. For the "living flag" 3,500 school children have been enlisted and are being drilled daily. In addition to this feature the children will be admitted to all the monster campfires to assist in the exercises, and are now practicing the war songs familiar to every veteran in the land.

SPLENDID INDIAN MUSIC

me interesting and curious resemnces have been discovered between aboriginal music of the American ian and the evolved product of our st advanced composers. Miss Alice tcher, working in connection with national bureau of ethnology, has her researches controverted the idea t the music of the American Indian as is generally supposed, made up meaningless chants, devoid of sweetss, power and expression." On the trary, the Indian is found to be a ural musician. From phonographic rds of his songs taken under Miss tcher's supervision, it has been nd that he instinctively makes use the major chords of the over third d under third." This, she asserts, "is of the most notable characteristics our modern romantic composers." In sical America she says of this charteristic:

"We find more or less of it in Beethoven and Schubert, still more in Schuann and Chopin, most of all in Wagner and Liszt. This fact shows, I believe, that the great romantic writers, going outside of the accepted harnic limits, made a genuine discovery natural harmonic relations. This has n been the belief of a number of sicians, but these Indian songs afford strong confirmation of the justness the theory, for whatever else they y, there can be no question that they absolutely natural.

"Nor is it in harmony alone that this dian music reminds us of the present y ultra-romanticists as well as older sters. The Indian rhythms are frently as complicated and difficult as y to be found in the works of Schuann and Chopin.

"I have, for example, songs simulatg precisely the rhythm of some of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words, well as of compositions by Schuann and pieces of the modern and st advanced school. One rhythmic ularity of some of the songs is the quent use of a short note on the h-beat or emphatic portion of the asure, exactly such as we find emyed in ancient Scotch music."

As the Indians have no system of sical notation, their ability to preve songs and transmit them is reikable. Miss Fletcher says of this: "Every tribe has hundreds of original gs which are its heritage. Many of m have been handed down through nerations, and not only embody the ling of the composer, but record e past event or experience among tribe or clan. The people treasure and great care is taken to transthem accurately.

"We, with our written music, have mechanical device by which a tone y be uniformly produced, as by the rations of a chord of given length tension, this tone becoming the ndard by which all others can be ulated. The Indians have no such hanism for determining a pitch, and e is no uniform key for a song, ch can be started on any note suitto the singer's voice.

"Yet the songs, as is shown conively by some of the phonographic rds which have been obtained from erent singers, are repeated without material variations. Men with good es take a pride in accuracy of sing- and often have in their memories eral hundred songs, including many m tribes with the members of which y have exchanged visits."

His Mouth Full of Ball.

th Norwalk Dispatch to New York erald.

oseph Dest, the crack twirler of the walk baseball team, today drove a into the mouth of Walter Smith, "African Dodger," with such force several of the dodger's teeth were cked out and the ball was locked securely within the negro's mouth it had to be cut to pieces before le could be removed and Smith relieved m torture.

Hit the nigger an the head and get a d cigar!" shouted the barker. Dest w the first two balls easily to throw dodger off his guard. Then, by arngement, Richard Burke, coach for the Detrom college nine, let one drive. Smith lifted his head and opened his uth. One second after Burke, Dest ve a terrific drive and the ball struck dodger squarely in the mouth. ysicians were sent for, but before they ived the ball had been cut to pieces d removed. Smith said tonight that will resign from the Ancient and norable Order of African Dodgers.

OZONE NOT ALL GOOD.

Professor Oliver Lodge sends the following note of warning to the London Times: "In favor of ozone, there exists a certain amount of popular prejudice, which under certain circumstances may lead to injury, although it is perfectly harmless when the supply of ozone is limited to the natural occurrence of that material. I notice, however, that apparatus for domestic manufacture and inhalation of artificial ozone is now being advertised; and, subject to correction by chemists and physiologists, I suggest that caution is desirable in its use. Disinfectants in their proper place, and when they have work to do, are useful; but it is not healthy to inhale them or drink them. The chief gases ordinarily generated electrically are oxides of nitrogen and oxide of oxygen—the latter being ozone. Both are active and corrosive agents, destructive of foulness of many kinds, and therefore sanitary and helpful in their proper place. But when in excess, or when they have no decomposing matter to deal with, they may act on healthy tissue and do harm. Some forty years ago, after a lecture by Professor Odling at the Royal Institution, I myself inhaled some ozone (without permission) from powerful apparatus on the lecture table, and for years afterward suffered from nasal catarrh and mucous membrane irritation, from which up to that date I had been free. That is why I write this caution, which I should be glad to learn is unnecesary; though I may add that in my electrical experiments I have never found the neighborhood of an electric discharge beneficial."

Wealth of the Farmers.

Abilene (Kans.) Dispatch to New York Post.

The farmer is really richer than he thinks he is. His earnings this year will be enormous if present prices continue. A central Kansas farmer was complaining the other day that he had not as much cash on hand as he needed, and apologized therefor to the local banker.

"Was your wheat short this year?" asked the banker.

"No; had 700 acres; it will average 25 bushels; get 83 bents a bushel."

The banker did some rapid figuring. "Then you made a clean profit of about $7,000 on your wheat alone?"

"Yes, about that, but—"

"Do you farmers expect the earth?" broke out the banker. "I have been analyzing some of the apologies that the farmers have been making and have concluded that they are very hard to please."

The fact is that the western farmer has become so accustomed to finding some explanation for business operations that involve borrowing, that he cannot break himself of the habit, though he is far better equipped to make loans for temporary needs than the merchant, to whom it is a matter of course. The farmer has an ideal of out-of-indebtedness up to which he thinks he must measure, and hence he is a poor borrower in the sense that he does not look upon it purely as a business matter. But he is really enjoying remarkable prosperity and possesses a very comfortable bank balance.

Sand Fish.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

At low tide, in midsummer, on certain parts of the Breton coast, men and boys with baskets and hoes descend the white beach to the sea's edge. They are anglers, but the fish they seek live on dry land.

With his hoe each fisherman makes swiftly in the packed sand shallow parallel trenches very close together and about a yard long. If the luck be good, every scratch of the hoe uncovers three or four silvery fish, the size of sardines, that leap up glittering into the air. They must be seized quickly, or at once they bury themselves in the sand again. They are called lancons. The smaller ones are used for mackerel bait; the hoe larger make, fried, an excellent dish, a good deal like fried smelts.

With daylight tides the lancons are seldom bigger than a man's middle finger; but with the night tides, when promenaders have not disturbed the sand, they run large indeed. Then, their lanterns flashing on the beach, the Breton fishermen often capture lancons a foot long.

A JAPANESE HOME

Little Ornament and Extraordinary Cleanliness.

We ended our pleasant day by being taken to see the houses and gardens of Mr. Iwasaki, a magnate of Tokyo, our host having arranged the visit beforehand, writes Lady Randolph Churchill in an article in The Century, describing her journey through Japan After a long drive in a landau, which was driven by a Japanese coachman garbed in a dark-blue kimono and mushroom hat, with a belto, or groom, dressed in the same way, on the box, we came to the two houses. One was European, full of fine things, while the other, in which the owner lived, was Japanese. Having removed our shoes we were taken over it. I wish I could describe its fascinations; but where there were no ornaments, no furniture no pictures, save a kakemono here and there, no curtains, no color anywhere, it is difficult to say wherein lay the charm.

And yet it was charming. The fineness of the matting, the beauty of workmanship of the woodwork, the lacquer frames of the screens, which were so adjusted that they parted at a touch without a sound, the extraordinary cleanliness everywhere, and above all, the different little courts on which the rooms looked were delightful. The bathroom particularly pleased me. Made of some light-colored wood, it shone like satin, and felt like it.

A delicate carving round the base of the wall, representing flights of birds, formed a dado; two large wooden tubs of the same wood stood at the end of the room, encircled by brass bands beautifully polished, and half a dozen tubs of different sizes stood on a low table; the window looked out upon a small court with one large magnolia tree and a very old graystone lantern. Another room, a sanctum, sanctorum, where the "tea ceremonies" were held, gave upon a wild scene ten feet square, where jagged rocks, prickly bushes and rushing torrents snapped by stone bridges, made the urbanites and rigid etiquette of these ceremonies appear a pleasant contrast. The smoking room, made by opening and closing screen, looked upon a lake artificially and cleverly planned, with beautiful trees and shrubs on its banks, and rocks of strange and varied colors. These rocks alone cost a fabulous sum, and had been brought from a great distance. The lake was fed from the sea, and as the sun was setting we watched the fish jumping high in the air. Walking round the gardens until it was nearly dark, every turn of the path presented an absolutely new aspect, the variety being marvelous. The gardens and houses covered 24 acres, and seem four times that size.

PROHIBITION PROGRESS

The enterprising prohibition press bureau, after noting that 21 of the 34 counties of Oregon have now declared against the saloon, proceeds to give in its current bulletin some further facts to prove that the wave of anti-saloon effort has by no means begun to recede. The total number of American municipalities of 5,000 or more population now under prohibitive law is 250, 80 of these having been enrolled since May 1. For the benefit of those who are skeptical regarding the beneficial effects of the abolition of the dramshop in the large cities of the south, some interesting police statistics are presented by the Interior. In the manufacturing city of Birmingham, Alabama, for the five months of prohibition ending June 1, there were a total of 2,743 arrests; during the same period of 1907, under license, the arrests numbered 4,127. The arrests for drunkenness in 1908 were 225; in 1907, 858. In Knoxville, Tennessee, the arrests for drunkenness in the first four months of the present year were 402, as compared with 824 in the same months of last year, when saloons were still in legal existence. These figures may help to carry out the assertion that prohibition towns are not so "lively" as those blessed with the saloon; but the wholesome influence of the new conditions upon drunkenness and crime cannot, in the light of these comparisons, be explained away.

Fought Fire With Ink.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Firemen last night took all the laurels from the authors for "ink slinging." They proved their supremacy in the art during a fire in the plant of the Queen City Ink company, 438 North Eleventh street.

The fire originated near a tank containing a large supply of benzine. When the watchman who discovered the blaze had turned in the alarm he returned and devoted all his efforts to keeping the flames from licking along the sides of the huge tank. There was no water handy, and he used large buckets full of ink.

When the firemen arrived they imitated his example. The fire was conquered, but their appearances were somewhat marred by too violent and too frequent contact with the black fluid. The damage was only $300.

When a Client Has Money.

New York World.

Harry Thaw's bankruptcy petition gives some idea of the size of doctors' and lawyers' bills when a client has money. Almost all the liabilities of $453,140 were for the cost of his two trials and insanity proceedings. His mother paid in cash $191,500. Besides what they have already received, one firm of lawyers wants $60,000, and another has sent in an $80,000 bill. The alienists demand from $600 to $12,000 each. Thaw's income from his father's estate is $33,000 a year. It would take fifteen years' income to pay these bills. Murder may be one of the safest of crimes, but under some circumstances it is also one of the most expensive.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER I.

A Multitude of Good Reasons.

In accordance with many most excellent precedents, I might begin by claiming the sympathy due to an orphan alone in the world. I might even summon my unguided childhood and the absence of parental training to excuse my faults and extenuate my indiscretions. But the sympathy which I should thus gain would be achieved, I fear, by something very like false pretenses. For my solitary state sat very lightly upon me—the sad events which caused it being softened by the influence of time and habit—and had the recommendation of leaving me, not only free to manage my own life as I pleased, but also possessed of a competence which added power to my freedom. And as to the indiscretions—well, to speak it in all modesty and with a becoming consciousness of human frailty, I think that the undoubted indiscretions—that I may use no harder term—which were committed in the course of a certain fortnight were not for the most part of my doing or contriving. For throughout the transaction which followed on my arrival in France, I was rather the sport of circumstances than the originator of any scheme; and the prominent part which I played was forced upon me, at first by whimsical chance, and later on by the imperious calls made upon me by the position into which I was thrust.

The same reason that absolves me from the need of excuse deprives me of the claim to praise; and, looking back, I am content to find nothing of which I need seriously be ashamed, and glad to acknowledge that, although Fate chose to put me through some queer paces, she was not in the end malevolent, and that, now the whole thing is finished, I have no cause to complain of the ultimate outcome of it. In saying that, I speak purely and solely for myself. There is one other for whom I might perhaps venture to say the same without undue presumption, but I will not; while for the rest, it must suffice for me to record their fortunes, without entering on the deep and grave questions which are apt to suggest themselves to anyone who considers with a thoughtful mind the characters and the lives of those with whom he is brought in contact on his way through the world. The good in wicked folk, the depths in shallow folk, the designs of haphazard minds, the impulsive follies of the cunning—all these exist, to be dimly discerned by any one of us, to be ignored by none save those who are content to label a man with the name of one quality and ignore all else in him, but to be traced, fully understood, and intelligently shown forth only by the few who are gifted to read and expound the secrets of human hearts. That is a gift beyond my endowment, and fitted for a task too difficult for my hand. Frankly, I did not, always and throughout, discern as clearly as I could desire the springs on which the conduct of my fellow-actors turned; and the account I have given of their feelings and their motives must be accepted merely as my reading of them, and for what, as such, it is worth. The actual facts speak for themselves. Let each man read them as he will; and if he does not indorse all my views, yet he will, I venture to think, be recompensed by a story which even the greatest familiarity and long pondering has not robbed of all its interest for me. But then I must admit that I have reasons which no one else can have for following with avidity every stage and every development in the drama, and for seeking to discern now what at the time was dark and puzzling to me.

The thing began in the most ordinary way in the world—or perhaps that is too strongly put. The beginning was ordinary indeed, and tame, compared with the sequel. Yet even the beginning had a flavor of the unusual about it, strong enough to startle a man so used to a humdrum life and so unversed in anything out of the common as I. Here, then, is the beginning:

One morning, as I sat smoking my after-breakfast cigar in my rooms in St. James' street, my friend Gustave de Berensac rushed in. His bright brown eyes were sparkling, his mustache seemed twisted up more gayly and triumphantly than ever, and his manner was redolent of high spirits. Yet it was a dull, somber, misty morning, for all that the month was July and another day or two would bring August. But Gustave was a merry fellow, though always (as I had occasion to remember later on) within the limits of becoming mirth—as to which, to be sure, there may be much difference of opinion.

"Shame!" he cried, pointing at me. "You are a man of leisure, nothing keeps you here; yet you stay in this bouillon of an atmosphere, with France only twenty miles away over the sea!"

"They have fogs in France, too," said I. "But whither tends your impassioned speech, my good friend? Have you got leave?"

Gustave was at this time an extra secretary at the French embassy in London.

"Leave? Yes, have leave—and, what is more, I have a charming invitation."

"My congratulations," said I.

"An invitation which includes a friend," he continued, sitting down. "Ah, you smile! You mean that is less interesting?"

"A man may smile and smile, and not be a villain," said I. "I meant nothing of the sort. I smiled at your exhilaration—nothing more, on the word of a moral Englishman."

Gustave grimaced; then he waved his cigaret in the air, exclaiming:

"She is charming, my dear Gilbert!"

"The exhilaration is explained."

"There is not a word to be said against her," he added hastily.

"That does not depress me," said I. "But why should she invite me?"

"She doesn't invite you; she invites me to bring—anybody!"

"Then she is ennuyee, I presume?"

"Who would not be, placed as she is? He is inhuman!"

"M. le mari?"

"You are not so stupid, after all! He forbids her to see a single soul; we must steal our visit, if we go."

"He is away, then?"

"The kind government has sent him on a special mission of inquiry to Algeria. Three cheers for the government!"

"By all means," said I. "When are you going to approach the subject of who these people are?"

"You will not trust my discernment?"

"Alas, no! You are too charitable—to one half of humanity."

"Well, I will tell you. She is a great friend of my sister's—they were brought up in the same convent; she is also a good comrade of mine."

"A good comrade?"

"That is just it; for I, you know, suffer hopelessly elsewhere."

"What, Lady Cynthia still?"

"Still!" echoed Gustave with a tragic air. But he recovered in a moment. "Lady Cynthia being, however, in Switzerland, there is no reason why I should not go to Normandy."

"Oh, Normandy?"

"Precisely. It is there that the duchess——"

"Oho! The duchess?"

"Is residing in retirement in a small chateau, alone save for my sister's society."

"And a servant or two, I presume?"

"You are just right, a servant or two; for he is most stingy to her (though not, they say, to everybody), and gives her nothing when he is away."

"Money is a temptation, you see."

"Mon Dieu, to have none is a greater!" and Gustave shook his head solemnly.

"The duchess of what?" I asked patiently.

"You will have heard of her," he said, with a proud smile. Evidently he thought that the lady was a trump card. "The Duchess of Saint-Maclou."

I laid down my cigar, maintaining, however, a calm demeanor.

"Aha!" said Gustave. "You will come my friend?"

I could not deny that Gustave had a right to his little triumph; for a year ago, when the duchess had visited England with her husband, I had received an invitation to meet her at the Embassy. Unhappily, the death of a relative (whom I had never seen) occurring the day before I had been obliged to post off to Ireland, and pay proper respect by appearing at the funeral. When I returned the duchess had gone, and Gustave had, half-ironically, consoled my evident annoyance by telling me that he had given such a description of me to his friend that she shared my sorrow, and had left a polite message to that effect. That I was not much consoled needs no saying. That I required consolation will appear not unnatural when I say that the duchess was one of the most brilliant and well-known persons in French society; yes, and outside France also. For she was a cosmopolitan. Her father was French, her mother American; and she had passed two or three years in England before her marriage. She was very pretty, and, report said, witty as a pretty woman need be. Once she had been rich, but the money was swallowed up by speculation; she and her father (the mother was dead) were threatened with such reduction of means as seemed to them penury; and the marriage with the duke had speedily followed—the precise degree of unwillingness on the part of Mlle. de Beville being a disputed point. Men said she was forced into the marriage, women very much doubted it; the lady herself gave no indication, and the father declared that the match was one of affection. All this I had heard from common friends; only a series of annoying accidents had prevented the more interesting means of knowledge which acquaintance with the duchess herself would have afforded.

"You have always," said Gustave, "wanted to know her."

I relit my cigar and puffed thoughtfully. It was true that I had rather wished to know her.

"My belief is," he continued, "that though she says 'anybody,' she means you. She knows what friends we are; she knows you are eager to be among her friends; she would guess that I should ask you first."

I despise and hate a man who is not open to flattery; he is a hard, morose, distrustful, cynical being, doubting the honesty of his friends and the worth of his own self. I leant an ear to Gustave's suggestion.

"What she would not guess," he said, throwing his cigaret into the fireplace and rising to his feet, "is that you would refuse when I did ask you. What shall be the reason? Shocked, are you? Or afraid?"

Gustave spoke as though nothing could either shock or frighten him.

"I'm merely considering whether it will amuse me," I returned. "How long are we asked for?"

"That depends on diplomatic events."

"The mission to Algeria?"

"Why, precisely."

I put my hands in my pockets.

"I should certainly be glad, my dear Gustave," said I, "to meet your sister again."

"We take the boat for Cherbourg tomorrow evening!" he cried triumphantly, slapping me on the back. "And, in my sister's name, many thanks! I will make it clear to the duchess why you come."

"No need to make bad blood between them like that," I laughed.

In fine, I was pleased to go; and, on reflection, there was no reason why I should not go. I said as much to Gustave.

"Seeing that everybody is going out of town and the place will be a desert in a week, I'm certainly not wanted here just now."

"And seeing that the duke is going to Algeria, we certainly are wanted there," said Gustave.

"And a man should go where he is wanted," said I.

"And a man is wanted," said Gustave, "where a lady bids him come."

"It would," I cried, "be impolite not to go."

"It would be dastardly. Besides, think how you will enjoy the memory of it!"

"The memory?" I repeated, pausing in my eager walk up and down.

"It will be a sweet memory," he said. "Ah!"

"Because, my friend, it is prodigiously unwise—for you?"

"And not for you?"

Why, no. Lady Cynthia——"

He broke of, content to indicate the shield that protected him. But it was too late to draw back.

"Let it be as unwise," said I, as it will——"

"Or as the duke is," put in Gustave, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"Yet it is a plan as delightful——"

"As the duchess is," said Gustave.

And so, for all the excellent reasons which may be collected from the foregoing conversation—and if carefully tabulated they would, I am persuaded, prove as numerous as weighty—I went.

CHAPTER II.

The Significance of a Supper Table.

The Aycons of Aycon Knoll have always been a hard-headed, level-headed race. We have had no enthusiasms, few ambitions, no illusions, and not many scandals. We keep our heads on our shoulders and our purses in our pockets. We do not rise very high, but we have never sunk. We abide at the knoll from generation to generation, deeming our continued existence in itself a service to the state and an honor to the house. We think more highly of ourselves than we admit, and allow ourselves to smile when we walk in to dinner behind the new nobility. We grew just a little richer with every decade, and add a field or two to our domains once in five years. The gaps made by falling rents we have filled by judicious purchases of land near rising towns; and we have no doubt that there lies before us a future as long and prosperous as our past has been. We are not universally popular, and we see in the fact a tribute to our valuable qualities.

I venture to mention these family virtues and characteristics because it has been thought in some quarters that I displayed them but to a very slight degree in the course of the expedition on which I was now embarked. The impression is a mistaken one. As I have said before, I did nothing that was not forced upon me. Any of my ancestors would, I am sure, have done the same, had they chanced to be thrown under similar circumstances into the society of Mme. de Saint-Maclou and of the other persons whom I was privileged to meet; and had those other persons happened to act in the manner in which they did when I fell in with them.

Gustave maintained his gayety and good spirits unabated through the trials of our voyage to Cherbourg. The mild mystery that attended our excursion was highly to his taste. He insisted on our coming without servants. He persuaded me to leave no address: obliged to keep himself within touch of the embassy, he directed letters to be sent to Avranches, where, he explained, he could procure them; for, as he thought it safe to disclose when a dozen miles of sea separated us from the possibility of curious listeners, the house to which we were bound stood about ten miles distant from that town, in a retired and somewhat desolate bit of country lining the seashore.

"My sister says it is the most triste place in the world," said he; "but we shall change all that when we arrive."

There was nothing to prevent our arriving very soon to relieve Mlle. de Berensac's depression, for the middle of the next day found us at Avranches, and we spent the afternoon wandering about somewhat aimlessly and staring across the bay at the mass of Mont St. Michel. Directly beneath us as we stood on the hill, and lying in a straight line with the Mount, there was a large square white house, on the very edge of the stretching sand. We were told that it was a convent.

"But the whole place is no livelier than one," said I, yawning. "My dear fellow, why don't we go on?"

"It is right for you to see this interesting town," answered Gustave gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye. "However, I have ordered a carriage, so be patient."

"For what time?"

"Nine o'clock, when we have dined."

"We are to get there in the dark, then?"

"What reason is there against that?" he asked, smiling.

"None," said I; and I went to pack up my bag.

In my room I chanced to find a femme-de-chambre. To her I put a question or two as to the gentry of the neighborhood. She rattled me off a few distinguished names, and ended:

"The duke of Saint-Maclou has also a small chateau."

"Is he there now?" I asked.

"The duchess only, sir," she answered. "Ah, they tell wonderful stories of her!"

"Do they? Pray, of what kind?"

"Oh, not to her harm, sir; or, at least, not exactly, though to simple country folk——"

The national shrug was an appropriate ending.

"And the duke?"

"He is a good man," she answered earnestly, "and a very clever man. He is very highly thought of in Paris, sir."

I had hoped, secretly, to hear that he was a villain; but he was a good man. It was a scurvy trick to play on a good man. Well, there was no help for it. I packed my bag with some dawning misgivings; the chambermaid, undisturbed by my presence, went on rubbing the table with some strong-smelling furniture polish.

"At least," she observed, as though there had been no pause, "he gives much to the church and to the poor."

"It may be repentance," said I, looking up with a hopeful air.

"It is possible, sir."

"Or," cried I, with a smile, "hypocrisy?"

The chambermaid's shake of her head refused to accept this idea; but my conscience, fastening on it, found rest. I hesitated no longer. The man was a cunning hypocrite. I would go on cheerfully, secure that he deserved all the bamboozling which the duchess and my friend Gustave might prepare for him.

At nine o'clock, as Gustave had arranged, we started in a heavy carriage drawn by two great white horses and driven by a stolid fat hostler. Slowly we jogged along under the stars, St. Michel being our continual companion on the right hand, as we followed the road round the bay. When we had gone five or six miles we turned suddenly inland. There were banks on each side of the road now, and we were going uphill; for rising out of the plain there was a sudden low spur of higher ground.

"Is the house at the top?" I asked Gustave.

"Just under the top," said he.

"I shall walk," said I.

The fact is, I had grown intolerably impatient of our slow jog, which had now sunk to a walk.

We jumped out and strode on ahead, soon distancing our carriage and waking echoes with our merry talk.

"I rather wonder they have not come to meet us," said Gustave. "See, there is the house."

A sudden turn in the road had brought us in sight of it. It was a rather small Gothic chateau. It nestled comfortably below the hill, which rose very steeply immediately behind it. The road along which we were approaching appeared to afford the only access, and no other house was visible. But, desolate as the spot certainly was, the house itself presented a gay appearance, for there were lights in every window from ground to roof.

"She seems to have company," I observed.

"It is that she expects us," answered Gustave. "This illumination is in our honor."

"Come on," said I, quickening my pace; and Gustave burst out laughing.

"I knew you would catch fire when once I got you started!" he cried.

Suddenly a voice struck on my ear—a clear, pleasant voice:

"Was he slow to catch fire, my dear Gustave?"

I started. Gustave looked round.

"It is she," he said. "Where is she?"

"Was he slow to catch fire?" asked the voice again. "Well, he has but just come near the flame"—and a laugh followed the words.

"Slow to light is long to burn," said I, turning to the bank on the left side of the road, for it was thence that the voice came.

A moment later a little figure in white darted down into the road, laughing and panting. She seized Gustave's hand.

"I ran so hard to meet you!" she cried.

"And have you brought Claire with you?" he asked.

"Present your friend to me," commanded the duchess, as though she had not heard his question.

Did I permit myself to guess at such things, I should have guessed the duchess to be about twenty-five years old. She was not tall; her hair was a dark brown, and the color in her cheeks rich but subdued. She moved with extraordinary grace and agility, and seemed never at rest. The one term of praise (if it be one, which I sometimes incline to doubt) that I have never heard applied to her is—dignified.

"It is most charming of you to come, Mr. Aycon," said she. "I've heard so much of you, and you'll be so terribly dull!"

"With yourself, madame, and Mlle. de Berensac——"

"Oh, of course you must say that!" she interrupted. "But come along, supper is ready. How delightful to have supper again! I'm never in good enough spirits to have supper when I'm alone. You'll be terribly uncomfortable, gentlemen. The whole household consists of an old man and five women—counting myself."

"And are they all——?" began Gustave.

"Discreet?" she asked, interrupting again. "Oh, they will not tell the truth! Never fear, my dear Gustave!"

"What news of the duke?" asked he as we began to walk, the duchess stepping a little ahead of us.

"Oh, the best," said she, with a nod over her shoulder. "None, you know. That's one of your proverbs, Mr. Aycon?"

"Even a proverb is true sometimes," I ventured to remark.

We reached the house and passed through the door, which stood wide open. Crossing the hall, we found ourselves in a small square room, furnished with rose-colored hangings. Here supper was spread. Gustave walked up to the table. The duchess flung herself into an armchair. She had taken her handkerchief out of her pocket, and she held it in front of her lips and seemed to be biting it. Her eyebrows were raised, and her face displayed a comical mixture of amusement and apprehension. A glance of her eyes at me invited me to share the perilous jest in which Gustave's demeanor appeared to bear the chief part.

Gustave stood by the table, regarding it with a puzzled air.

"One—two—three!" he exclaimed aloud, counting the covers laid.

The duchess said nothing, but her eyebrows mounted a little higher, till they almost reached her clustering hair.

"One—two—three?" repeated Gustave, in unmistakable questioning. "Does Claire remain upstairs?"

Appeal — amusement — fright — shame—triumph—chased one another across the eyes of Mme. de Saint-Maclou; each made so swift an appearance, so swift an exit, that they seemed to blend in some peculiar personal emotion proper to the duchess and to no other woman born. And she bit the handkerchief harder than ever. For the life of me I couldn't help it; I began to laugh; the duchess' face disappeared altogether behind the handkerchief.

"Do you mean to say Claire's not here?" asked Gustave, turning on her swiftly and accusingly.

The head behind the handkerchief was shaken, first timidly, then more energetically, and a stifled voice vouchsafed the news:

"She left three days ago."

Gustave and I looked at one another. There was a pause. At last I drew a chair back from the table, and said:

"If madame is ready——"

The duchess whisked her handkerchief away and sprang up. She gave one look at Gustave's grave face, and then, bursting into a merry laugh, caught me by the arm, crying:

"Isn't it fun, Mr. Aycon? There's nobody but me! Isn't it fun?"

To Be Continued.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

Vagaries of the Night.

"It will be a simple proposition to take the king," Van Tasel explained. "Ben, it was Providence that caused me to fall into that tunnel. Through it, Lucretia will escape from the castle, and through the same exit I shall take Leander, a little later. While you and the princess are on the way to Luxembrant in the Hell Diver, Leander and I will be sailing in the Sea Gull to the cannibal island."

His face was long for a moment, as he thought of the princess, but he rallied.

"To drop down the Hudson on a dark night, and sail away with his majesty, will be the easiest piece of royal kidnaping ever put through."

He laughed loudly, then checked himself.

"I imagine," he added, "that the disappearance of the king will be something of a sensation, eh, Fosdick? With the king thus disposed of, his adherents in Luxembrant will have nothing to fight for. The revolution will be the merest farce. Lucretia will take the throne without a drop of blood being spilled. Besides avenging myself, I'll be doing the world a noble service."

"A service," assented Fosdick, "that will entitle you to be consort to the queen."

Van Tasel shook his head.

"No, Ben; dismiss from your mind all such thought. My purpose is hate only. If Lucretia could not take me for myself, I could not consent to being foisted on Luxembrant as a reward."

There were several hours left of the night, and on Fosdick's advice, Van Tasel agreed, reluctantly, to snatch a little sleep.

But once in his rooms, Van Tasel might as well have tried to fly. Instead of sleeping, he paced the floor.

"Perhaps Fosdick is right, after all," he soliloquized, stopping suddenly before a full-length mirror and surveying himself. "Perhaps I am going mad over that girl. I swear I look it! I look like a ghost of Van Tasel—hollow-eyed, haggard and ghastly! And I haven't a doubt that I rave like a lunatic. It's no wonder folks begin to think me mad. There's James, for instance—poor cotton-head! He's scared half to death. I haven't a doubt, at this very moment. He won't stand it much longer. If I don't have a care, he'll be taking French leave. No valet wants a maniac for a master. I'll have to be quieter and not storm about half the night as if I needed a padded cell. Hereafter, I'll behave myself like a sane man."

However, Van Tasel had forgotten this resolution the next minute. The king recurred to his recollection, and consuming jealously beset him.

"Vow or no vow, she shall be mine!" he cried, shaking his fist under his own nose in the glass.

The figure in the mirror shook its fist at Van Tasel, very close to his face, and Van Tasel, in rage, struck at the insolent fellow and smashed the glass to bits.

"Blackguard!" he shouted, "I swear by all that is best in the world that you shall not have her! Be gone! before I throw you out as I would throw out some intruding cur. Be gone, I say! Before I would let you have my princess I would cut you to shreds and throw your blood-stained crown into the ocean."

He looked at his hand. It was covered with blood from the broken glass. The next moment he wiped the perspiration from his brow with it, leaving him in a truly sanguinary condition. However, he had worsted the king, and he turned toward the door.

"Ah! my princess," he said, bowing, "you have come at last. You are most opportune, for I have just killed his majesty. Come in, sweet flower, come in, and see what I have done for you. You are mine now, Lucretia, all mine. I have removed the last barrier, my dear, and you are mine forever! Tomorrow we shall let New York know who and what you are. Come,

the lost Mildred, then she remembered that the romance was ended. With a most lofty air she replied:

"The castle shall be yours without purchase. The Queen of Luxembrant shall give you a grant of it as a slight token of the service you have rendered Mildred Boltwood, whom we both mourn."

Since she was a queen, Van Tasel could only bow, and kiss her fingers.

"For all time," he said. "Mildred Boltwood shall be mistress of the Castle of Gloom. Those who go by on the Hudson will point to it as the spot where Mildred Boltwood met a tragic end."

Much more of this sort of thing would have brought the dead Mildred back to life. Her reappearance would have been most inconvenient. Therefore, Lucretia, having given her lover the castle, attempted to squelch him.

"Mildred Boltwood is dead beyond recall, Mr. Van Tasel. Let us leave her in peace. After all, she was a weak creature, and it is well for Luxembrant that she is gone."

Van Tasel didn't care to stay long. The Castle of Gloom was too gloomy for him. It froze him. Mildred was dead, and he and the princess had nothing in common. He didn't even have the assurance to ask her to go for a final automobile ride, down the cliff and back again. When he was leaving, she gave him a lifeless hand and looked at hi mundisturbed, as if she had really forgotten her love.

This was too much for Van Tasel, for was this not the last moment they were to have together alone? He began an impromptu funeral address.

"Please don't make it any harder," she interrupted, "since our romance, Mr. Van Tasel, must end."

"Why must it end?" he asked, impulsively. What could even a princess do with a Van Tasel—a Van Tasel madly in love?

"Remember!" warned Lucretia, sternly.

"Oh, bother the vow!" he retorted. "Let's forget it. We love each other. What the devil's the use——"

"Mr. Van Tasel!"

For a moment she seemed to falter, and Van Tasel took advantage, but in a second she was the Princess Lucretia again, with all of a princess' imperiousness.

"Release me, Mr. Van Tasel!" she commanded.

Van Tasel felt the tone, and fell back.

"I have been weak for a moment," said the princess, with flaming eyes, "but my answer is final. For the Princess Lucretia there is no such thing as love."

With a rush, his defeat came over Van Tasel. The end had come. He had lost her.

"Then," he exclaimed, savagely, "you must swear that as long as you live you will love no other man. Will you swear it, Lucretia, before I go? Shall we both swear eternal fealty to a love that is hopeless?"

She was pallid, but the light in her eyes was transcendent as she answered:

"Yes, I swear it!"

CHAPTER XXX.

King's Valets Are Blind.

It was twilight when Van Tasel got back to New York, and he sat for a time in his rooms, waiting for Fosdick.

"Never mind the lights," he said to James, when the valet came in. "I prefer to sit here in the gloaming. Do you ever like the gloaming, James—that nice quiet hour of the evening when the crickets begin to chirp (though you wouldn't know it here in New York) and the fireflies to sparkle? Didn't you ever like to sit in the twilight and think, James?"

"Oh, yes'r," said James. "At 'ome, w'ere they 'ave crickets and fireflies, I hoften used to sit and listen to 'em, and watch 'em, sir.'

Then he added, sagely:

"It's the time, sir, w'en men as are in love like to sit in the dark and think of their sweet'earts, sir."

"Ah!" sighed Van Tasel, "so they do, James, so they do. You have a sweetheart yourself."

James was blushing, but the gloom hid his color.

"Yes'r," he assented. "She's the finest of girls, sir! And now that you've mentioned 'er, Mr. Van Tasel, there was something I've been wanting to ask you."

"All right," said Van Tasel. "Ask whatever you please, only don't ask to get married until after we are back from our cruise. You know I couldn't get along without you on the boat, James. You don't intend to desert?"

"No, sir; that ain't it, sir."

He hesitated and floundered for words.

"Begging your pardon, sir, Priscilla wanted me to ask you, Mr. Van Tasel, if, after we're married, we couldn't both work for you in a royal castle—when you're king. She's used to kings, sir, 'aving been born and bred, like myself, in old Hingland, sir."

Van Tasel sat up straight and took his cigar from his lips. Was James making fun of him? Was this rascally fellow bold enough for that? He had a sharp reply on his lips, but the innocent face of the servant restrained it.

"Why, bless you, James," he said, "of course you can both work for me when I'm king. That is, you shall be my valet and your wife shall be one of the queen's maids. How would she like that?"

James' face was beaming.

"Oh, sir, she'd be the 'appiest girl in —in—w'ere is the royal palace, sir?"

The valet's inquisitiveness was getting Van Tasel into a corner.

"That's a secret," he said, "that nobody knows except me."

"And the princess, I s'pose sir!" supplied James. "She knows, it, too. Would you mind, sir, if I asked when the wedding's to be, sir?"

"Another secret! It's all secret, James, and don't you tell anybody. By the way, you haven't mentioned it already, have you, to any one?"

James looked doubtful.

"Whom have you told?" demanded Van Tasel.

"Not knowing it was a secret, sir, I 'appened to mention it to the 'Arrington's coachman, and to the Farraguts' chauffeur, sir, that she was a princess as was to be a Queen."

Van Tasel groaned.

"It'll be all over New York, and in the papers, I haven't a doubt," he said. "It's a good thing we're going away. James, if you're to be a King's valet, you've got to learn to keep your mouth shut. A King's valet never hears anything."

"Yes'r," said James, remorsefully.

"You might as well begin training now. I want you to go aboard the Sea Gull tonight. You know I bought her today of Jim Blackwell."

The valet's face grew instantly long.

"I didn't know we were to sail tonight, sir."

"You needn't look so gloomy over it, James, for I am going to give you all the evening in which to say goodbye to your sweetheart, but I want you to be aboard the Sea Gull, at Jersey City, by midnight. Just when we'll start will depend on—conditions in Wall street, you know, but when I get ready, I'm likely to be off at a minute's notice, and I don't want to get out and drum up a valet."

"Yes'r," said James, with some relief in his voice at the prospect of having another evening, at least, with his love.

"And I want you to begin tonight, James," Van Tasel went on, "to be blind and deaf and dumb to whatever may go on around you. No matter what happens, remember that you are a king's valet, and that kings have secrets."

"Yes'r, and queens, too. She'll be as mum and deaf as I, sir, when she's maid to the queen."

"Good!" approved Van Tasel.

For some time after night had come, Van Tasel sat there and smoked in the darkness, thinking strange thoughts.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Light in the Tower.

The night was propitious for the adventure. Banks of black clouds obscured the stars, and the moon was yet far below the horizon. New York was asleep beneath a blanket of fog, all unconscious that a drama so medieval was being enacted at her doors. The playhouses had turned out their throngs of romance-thirsty men and women, and the little play-dreams and tragedies were over.

Many times Van Tasel had remarked to Fosdick that New Yorkers thought the only romance available was bogus romance—pictured for them on the theatre boards. In their own lives, and in the lives of New Yorkers around them, they saw nothing but prosaic humdrum.

To Van Tasel the whole world was romantic. He had lived in romance all his life. He had found it where others saw nothing but tiresome routine.

Yet no such drama as that of the present had come to him. It seemed almost too much to believe of even New York, with all its possibilities. It would not have greatly surprised him if he had awakened to find that the princess was but a myth of his night's fancy, and the king an ogre, to vanish with the dawn.

New York was sleeping, as the Hell Diver, with all outer lights extinguished and scarcely making a ripple, neared the black cliffs of Cranium. Below decks, however, where spies on the shore could not penetrate, the boat was aglow with energy and animation. The brass of the engines glittered like gold, and the red deep glow of the fires of the dormant power, a power that could soon be needed in the swift flight across the Atlantic with the Princess Lucretia. Just now, the stokers, in spick-and-span jumpers and overalls, were taking their ease, but it would not be long that they idled. Before the clock had gone round again, they would be working and sweating like fiends at the fires of hades. And they would have no rest until the Hell Diver's anchor touched the bottom of the sea off Middledam.

Such, at least, were some of Van Tasel's reflections, as he and Fosdick sat smoking their pipes in the cabin.

Fosdick, now that he was in for the exploit, was gay over it. To cross the Atlantic with a runaway princess was an adventure not to be sneezed at, and the spirit of the thing had hold of his veins. He had seen Lucretia only at a distance as yet, but he had spent half his nights listening to Van Tasel rave over her.

"Ben," said Van Tasel, as the captain on the bridge took the boat up the Hudson, "I am half inclined to believe that you intend to betray me. Damn me! Fosdick, if I don't think you intend to marry the princess yourself!"

Fosdick smoked his pipe complacently.

"Since you admit that you are out of the race," he retorted, "what's to prevent? Two fellows can't marry her, and as long as you don't care to be King of Luxembrant, I might as well be."

Van Tasel had struck a match to light his pipe, but he held it in his fingers until it burned him, while he frowned at his chum.

"I am out of the race," he said; "true enough. So are you—so is Leander. The terms of my compact with Lucretia are these, that we are both to forget that such a thing as love exists in the world. If the queen forgets her vow, then am I not absolved from mine? As soon as any other fellow gets into the race, I shall be in it again. So be careful how you make love to the princess on the way over, Fosdick."

Fosdick laughed at Van Tasel's lugubrious face.

"If I didn't know you, Van, I might think you in earnest."

"I am," said Van Tasel. "Why shouldn't I be?"

Fosdick roared with laughter. "When I am the prince-consort," he went on, tantalizingly, "we'll invite you over to our house-warming in the palace—Lucretia and I. Will you come, Van?"

Van Tasel got up impatiently.

"Come, Fosdick," he said, "don't joke about something that gets so close to me. I have half a notion to kick over the whole plan and go along with the princess myself, leaving you to kidnap Leander. What do you say to it?"

Fosdick was sobered. He had no desire to match himself against royalty in a kidnaping contest. Much pleasanter he thought it to cross the ocean in the company of a charming girl, who, for five days, at least, would have to forget that she was a queen.

"No, I want none of your kings. Queens for me, if you please! I promise to be most discreet in my lovemaking, Van, and to say a word in your behalf. She shall choose between us, Van Tasel, without prejudice."

Van Tasel growled at his friend's persistent facetiousness, but he forgot it in a minute in giving Fosdick directions as to how he should send back wireless messages from the Hell Diver of the progress the boat made, and the health of the princess.

"This cipher-code," explained Van Tasel. "I shall give to the operator on the Sea Gull the first thing in the morning."

It lacked a little of midnight when the Hell Diver dropped anchor at the foot of Cranium Cliff. The river was as black as the Styx, as Van Tasel and Fosdick stood on the deck and looked up the invisible slope of the shore to the lofty point where the castle stood. Van Tasel strained his eyes in the darkness. Then he caught Fosdick roughly by the arm, whispering hoarsely:

"The light, Ben! Where is it?"

"What light?" asked Fosdick.

"The princess agreed on a signal to indicate that all was well. She was to put a light in the barbacan tower. If the light were absent I was to know there was devilry afoot."

Fosdick, too, gazed intently.

"The light is not there," he said.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Rude Shock.

Two of the Hell Diver's crew rowed Van Tasel and Fosdick to the rocky bank, and they scrambled ashore.

"You will wait here until we return," Van Tasel commanded his men, "and remember that you are not to talk, smoke, sing or whistle. A hundred-dollar bill for each of you if you live up to orders."

Van Tasel had a way of commanding the obedience of those who served him by that most certain of methods—money. His servants and employes would have walked through fire and blood for him, not only because they loved and admired him, but because they found it most profitable. The crew of the Hell Diver had asked no questions. Van Tasel's nocturnal adventures were of too common occurrence, and for whatever they did, the boat's sailors knew they would be handsomely paid.

"You can depend on us, sir," was the assurance he got.

Once ashore, Van Tasel and Fosdick groped their way to the tunnel's entrance. Inside, they climbed the iron stairs in breathless haste. At the top, they paused in fresh alarm. The secret door in the cellar of the castle stood open, and bright lights were visible.

"Devils!" exclaimed Van Tasel. "What is the meaning of this? There is treachery here!"

A moment later they were in the cellar. Confronting them was Madam Boltwood and a group of white-faced servants.

"Where is the princess?" demanded Van Tasel, his eyes blinking in the sudden change from the gloom of the secret passage. "Where is she?"

Madam Boltwood wrung her hands. She was dazed and incoherent.

"Gone!" she wailed. "Gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Van Tasel, in black despair. "Where has she gone?"

The old lady's eyes opened wide in horror as she pointed to the secret door through which Van Tasel and Fosdick had just come.

"There!" she replied. "Gone there! Into that black hole!"

She was half demented with woe, and Van Tasel refused to credit her words.

"What?" he cried. "Impossible!"

Seized with fury at the thought that deception was being practiced on him, he forgot that he was addressing a woman, and seized her by the arm.

"Tell me the truth!" he commanded. "Tell me where she is, or by heaven, I'll——"

He remembered himself, and with hasty apology, released his grip on Madam Boltwood.

"Do not keep me in suspense," he pleaded. "Where is she?"

"I have told you the truth. She is gone. The king has taken her, by violence. An hour ago he and his agents entered the castle by that secret door and surprised the princess. She struggled and alarmed the castle, but too late. They took her away."

Madam Boltwood sank into a chair, moaning:

"Lucretia! Lucretia!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In Their Own Trap.

Van Tasel, struck dumb with momentary aphasia, looked at Fosdick. Then his senses returned.

"Back!" he cried. "Back to the yacht! There is not a moment to lose if we hope to recover the princess. Ben, we must save her. We must pursue the king to his palace in Middledam, if we have to, and strike him dead on his throne. Quick, Fosdick! back to the yacht!"

With breathless haste, they retraced their steps through the secret passage, and now, casting their light on the floor, they beheld the small footprints of the princess in the dust, intermingled with those of the ruffians who had kidnaped her. The sight of those little marks filled Van Tasel with fury.

"Fosdick," he said, restraining himself, "we have been fools. We have been blind, egotistical fools. We might have foreseen what has happened. We might have known that some slinking traitor among the princess' servants would betray the secret passage to Leander. We ought to have known it, and guarded her from what has befallen. We should have known the deadly peril she was in. A blind man could have seen it."

He laughed, half-crazed, at his folly.

"We have been outwitted at our own game, Ben, by this foreign monster, who now has Lucretia in his clutches. If he reaches Luxembrant with her, he will have her at his mercy!"

The dire straits of the Princess Lucretia filled Van Tasel with horrible fear.

"If there is a God on high," he said, dramatically, "I call on Him to protect her! As for us, Ben, there is but one hope."

Van Tassel speedily put life into the Hell Diver. Once aboard her again, he ordered the anchor instantly weighed and her nose turned toward the ocean, with every inch of steam she would carry.

The stokers sprang to the task. The yacht came out of her darkened shell and fairly blazed. Her great searchlight sent a broad ribbon of radiance ahead of her. The foam curled under her prow, and expanded in a widening path behind. A halo of sparks from her smokestack hung over her. Every fibre of her hull trembled as she took up the pursuit of the king's yacht.

"The devils must have passed us with their lights out," said Van Tasel. "They were quite as shrewd as we were ourselves."

He was in the little wireless telegraph room now, and he took up a pencil and wrote:

"Miller, Captain of Sea Gull, off Jersey City:—We have been outwitted. The girl is now on the Ibex, bound down the Hudson. Stop her, and if the boat refuses to lay to, disable her, but shoot clear of the cabin.

"VAN TASEL."

"It's a dangerous chance," he said, "but we must take it. Heaven protect Lucretia!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Chase.

"If the Sea Gull's operator is not asleep," said Van Tasel, as the wireless device snapped off the message, "there may be time enough yet to stop the king's vessel and rescue Lucretia before the Ibex passes the Battery. If this plan fails, Ben, we must trust to the speed of the Hell Diver and her guns. If we can overhaul the king, I'll warrant that my men will be valiant, and fight for me to the death."

A moment later, he groaned:

"They say the king's vessel is fast. Heaven grant that the Hell Diver may be faster."

He and Fosdick stood there impatiently awaiting an answer to their message, while the panting of the engines grew fiercer. Then, of a sudden, the reply came flashing back. The Sea Gull's operator had been faithful.

"Van Tasel, aboard Hell Diver:—Instructions followed. Will do all in our power to stop the Ibex.

"MILLER."

"Praise heaven!" exclaimed Van Tasel, a great relief in his voice, "and praise to the man who invented the wireless telegraph!"

Van Tasel and Fosdick remained on deck as the yacht parted the waters of the Hudson and bent all her matchless energies to the pursuit. They passed a freighter or two, with the speed that a railroad train passes a roadside vehicle. Never had the Hell Diver's powers been put to such a test—not even when Van Tasel had embarked in a globe-circling race.

"If the king's yacht gets away from the Sea Gull and outruns us," said Van Tasel, "she will have to make the fastest trip any craft ever made across the ocean. If we once get within range of the Ibex, Fosdick, I'll guarantee that Bennington will make her come to, with a few of his barkers. If he can't rake off her pilot-house and take down her smoestack inside of a dozen shots, I'm no judge of his skill. That fellow didn't serve on the Olympia for nothing."

"The Sea Gull's marksmanship is not far behind that of our own boat," replied Fosdick. "Jim Blackwell picked up three or four men from the navy, any one of whom could make splinters of a bowsprit if they got within reach. And yet it would be risky business to shoot in New York harbor. A 12-incher might cut a hole through the town, clear to City Hall park."

"Let it, then!" exclaimed Van Tasel. "Let it cut a hole clear through New York to the East River! Who cares? Isn't the princess of more account than all of New York? If we can save her, Ben, why not bombard the whole water-front?"

Acting on the impulse he sent another wireless message to the Sea Gull telling the captain to shoot, until he stopped the Ibex, if he had to burn up New York.

Fosdick was still wondering what the result of Van Tasel's rashness would be, when a different aspect was put on the affair by another wireless dispatch that came from the Sea Gull:

"Pursued the Ibex. She came to at our command, off Staten Island. Offered no resistance, and submitted to search. We went through her thoroughly. No wonman on board. Shall hold Ibex under our guns until Hell Diver arrives.

"MILLER."

Van Tasel read this telegram in blank amazement. "'No woman on board!'" he gasped, staggering under the shock. "What the devil does Miller mean by such nonsense? No woman on board! What have they done with Lucretia?"

Van Tasel leaned against the wall of the wireless operator's room for support while he collected his senses.

"Ben," he said, in a moment, rallying, "if Miller is right, we have been outwitted again. The king has got away with his prey."

There was despair in his voice.

"It is impossible," said Fosdick. "They couldn't have got rid of Lucretia except by dropping her into the river, and that's not Leander's game."

"You forget," returned Van Tasel, "that the land is close by. He has gone ashore with her. He has taken the most simple course he could."

"Miller may be mistaken," suggested Fosdick.

"No," insisted Van Tasel, "he is too careful a man. He, too, has spent years in the navy. There are no doubts in his wireless message. He puts it squarely, 'No woman aboard.' We have made the most idiotic blunder of all. We have acted like schoolboys. We have sent a wireless dispatch to the Sea Gull to stop the Ibex, and the Ibex itself has caught the message. We have forgotten that a king's boat would surely have so modern a thing as a wireless telegraph outfit. We have warned the king, ourselves, of the pursuit. Fearing capture, he has put ashore with his captive. Since the Sea Gull has no cipher code we should have kept still and given chase. Once out on the ocean, Ben, we would have caught him."

To Be Continued.

MUST NOT SMOKE

Sports.

Paul Mounet appeared at Havre recently as the Missionary Bishop in Le Duel, wmich we sawin New York last year with Eben Plympton and Otis Skinner. As he lighted a cigar at the wings an officer of the fire brigade told him that he must not smoke in the theatre.

"But it is in the play," explained M. Mounet; "I am smoking as I go on and then I throw my cigar on the stage. "Very well," replied the officer. So M. Mounet made his entree as usual, but following him were two firemen, one of them with a bucket of water and the other with a huge sponge. The audience, appreciating the situation, roared and applauded with delight, and M. Mounet carefully deposited his cigar in the bucket and wiped his fingers on the sponge before proceeding with the dialogue. They enforce the regulations against theatre fires in France.

ERA OF THINGS FLIMSY

The day is gone by when dress goods were bought with an idea of endurance and when the sagacious shopper stood for minutes making individual tests of the "all-woolness" and "fast-blackness" of a material. The era of things flimsy, unsubstantiated and intangible has been ushered in, and no longer is there any of the erstwhile calculation as to whether a dress can be "made over" the next year. Chiffon is the only wear—or, if not chiffon, something almost as gossamer in appearance and in texture. And no longer are there in existence any of the former restrictions as to night and day wear. Nowadays fashionable women wear the same texture during the day as they do at night, and this texture is apt to be just about as sturdy as a gnat's wing. Indeed, to speak of making anything over this year has the same ring of insincerity as would similar mention of a spider web.

Iron Frog Inside of Snake.

Harrisburg Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

John Wax, residing on a farm adjoining Newport, Perry county, had a large cast-iron metal frog, weighing four pounds, painted green, which he used in his house to hold the door open. Monday the frog disappeared and he chastised his grandson for throwing it in the well, which the little fellow indignantly denied.

Yesterday James Bistline, the Republican boss of Oliver township, was plowing in a field adjacent to Wax's farm, when he discovered a blacksnake, seven feet long, alongside the fence.

He killed the snake with a jockey stick, and noticing it to be abnormal about the body, held a post-morten, resulting in finding two half-grown rabbits and Mr. Wax's cast-iron frog doorstop.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients — Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on *Materia Medica* who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompained with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, *if taken in time.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL

RIVALS, YET FRIENDS.

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 23 Is, "The Friendship of David and Jonathan." I Sam. 20.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Jealousy, which is the mother of much of the world's bitterest woe, make King Saul, of ancient Israel, hate the young slayer of the giant Goliath. Saul's intense animosity toward David would naturally be expected to crop out with increased virulence in Saul's son, Prince Jonathan, for the latter was heir apparent. At the worst, David could only succeed to the throne on which Saul had once sat; but Jonathan he could keep off the throne entirely. If ever there were reason for jealousy, it would seem to be in the case of Jonathan. He was the natural successor to the crown; yet David's head had been anointed to wear it.

As refreshing as an ocean breeze on a hot August day comes the revelation—a type of what, happily, we sometimes find in this old world—that men are often nobler than we expect them to be. By all the world's standards David and Jonathan should have been engaged in a feud; instead, we find them affording one of literatupre's finest examples of friendship. Wherever the language of civilization has gone, there the shepherd youth and the king's son proverbially represent ideal friendship. The story is one that the world loves. Brave and selfless, Jonathan risked his father's royal wrath for the sake of his friend; and to him he cheerfully relinquished his claim upon the kingdom.

Millions Versus Wealth.

The strenuosity of these times militates against the formation of deep, true friendships. Many men are too busy to bother with affairs of sentiment. A man may make a million in a hurry; but it takes time to make a friend; and a friend is the best fortune. The loveless lives of some multi-millionaires would lead mankind to pity them were the plight of their hearts truly known. Gold has never been able to buy love. And whoso is poor in heart is poor altogether. By the standard of real and abiding values, bankbooks and stocks and lands do not weigh very much.

In contrast, how enviable was Jesse's son! A fugitive from royal wrath, condemned to an outlaw's life, subject to deprivations and hardships and misunderstandings, harried in spirit and hunted in person, he yet was rich in that he possessed the best riches—a friend with a royal heart. Station matters little in love; Jonathan's standing was of small moment, as compared with his spirit. He was a prince of friends, which is a higher rank than to be a prince in estate.

Loyal, lavish, lovable, Jonathan was both beacon and refuge to the storm-tossed David. When life seemed hardest to the latter, and least endurable, he found refreshment and inspiration in the company of his heart's comrade. He could have said, with a later poet, in explanation of his life, "I had a friend."

One Soul, Two Bodies.

This friendship came near to meeting Aristotle's definition of friendship as "one soul abiding in two bodies." For the record runs that Jonathan "loved David as his own soul." And David himself cried, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Ordinarily, the complementary friendship is that between a man and a woman; occasionally, though, two virile men conceive for each other an affection that is "strong as death." The favorite instances of friendship in literature have been those of man for man.

Such a friendship is an interchange of life. Each shares his highest self with the other. Ideal friendship is only lived in this upper air of idealism, no matter how practical its manifestations. The best friend is the one who helps a man be his best self. That is why religion plays such a large part in friendship; two men who hold the great verities in unity in common find that their friendship is profoundly influenced by their faith, and their faith by their friendship. The two qualities become so interwoven as to be really one. Even the slangiest of modern would scarely call these sturdy Hebrew warriors "mollycoddles;" yet David and Jonathan were sincerely and profoundly religious. There was a third party to their compact of friendship—God.

A Friend as a Prize.

A fine big word that has been found much in bad company of late is "affinity." There is danger that since lust and lawlessness have been wearing the cloak the unthinking may come to lose faith in the genuineness of that high passion, which, seemingly acting by no laws but the soul's initiative, marks two persons as destined for each other. The mysterious electric current of love flashed from Jonathan and David, overleaping all barriers of rank and natural conditions. They were affinities. Out of all the men in the kingdom, each found himself drawn to the other as a bosom friend.

Both young men were in a position to have many followers and admirers. Each seems to have had only one friend. In our young days we speak loosely about having "hosts of friends;" really we mean acquaintances. Judged by the higher standard now before us, few persons ever have many friends; a man is rich who has one. A friend is a prize of life, and happy is he who wins one at any price. No man has lived in vain who has achieved a friend. A gift for loving, and for getting out of one's self, and for entertaining great admirations, with sincerity underlying all, is the indispensable qualification for noblest friendship.

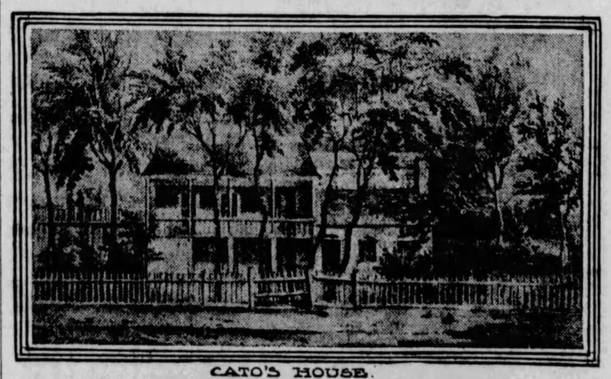
People, Not Things.

An observer of our busy age must remark the common pursuit of the tangible and the material. There is a manifest tendency to find one's pleasures in things, rather than in people. Thus our thronged pleasure resorts, which grow up near all large cities, are awhirl with novel devices affording entertainment. Ingenious devices that will divert people from themselves are so largely patronized as to make fortunes for their proprietors. Once it was the fashion to find pleasure in the company of a friend or a book; now we seek it in the pursuit of a new sensation. Wiser are they who still cling to the way of David and Jonathan, and in the communion of kindred and devoted spirits realize the heights of felicity that are possible to mortal.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS

The exports of merchandise from the United States for the eleven months ended May 1908, aggregated in value $1,745,190,911, the largest in value in the history of the nation. The aggregate imports were, for the same time, $1,102,533,752, a decline from the corresponding period of a year ago of $219,377,458. The exports increased over those for a corresponding period of a year ago to the amount of $2,079,463. The excess of exports over imports for the eleven months was $642,657,159, a larger excess than for any corresponding period.

Seeing New York of Olden Time.



CATO'S HOUSE.

For nearly 50 years the most famous inn near the Boston post road was known as Cato's house. It stood at that point of the road where the drive from town was usually supposed to end, and served to make a convenient place for turning home again.

By constant association with the young wits and beaux of the town, Cato acquired an air of dignity that made him one of the town characters. His house became an institution, and a visit thereto, with a partaking of an excellent meal under Cato's hospitable roof, was considered an essential feature of a visit to New York in those days.

Cato's house stood in what was called Cato's road, off the Boston post road. It started on the east side of what is now Third avenue, in the vicinity of Forty-second street, and again turned back into Third avenue, near Jones' wood.

Cato's house was situated on this road, between what is now Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets, on Second avenue.

When the second war with England was at its height there were grave apprehensions that the city would be attacked by the British naval forces by way of Long Island Sound. In the year 1814 there were unusual activities in the upper part of the city, where earthworks were busily in process of erection.

The need of cautering to these patriotic workers induced Cato to open a temporary branch, and on September 3 of that year this advertisement was inserted by him in the papers:

"HARLAEM HEIGHTS. — Gentlemen who may be engaged to work on Harlaem Heights will please to take notice that on and after Monday next, 5th of Sept., an ordinary will be opened and dinner on the table every day from half-past 12 o'clock till 2 p. m."

LOST.

From Paradise, one day, an angel brought
A radiant gem and placed it in the hand
Of one who waited. "Cherish it. Let naught
Its lustre mar; forget it not," he said.
"Its light, now flashing, it will steadfast shed
As you are loyal to your love and true,
It is the only one will shine on you."

The mortal looked upon the glowing thing
Exultingly. A great joy filled his heart.
Like a bright dewdrop, where the sunbeams fling
Light shafts reflected, it lay glistening there
White in its purity, surpassing fair—
The very kernel of all life, all truth,
The center of the heart of love—of youth.

As time went on the mortal's wonder died
That such a priceless gift should be his own.
He tossed it high in foolish, boyish pride,
To watch its splendid rays flame in the sun;
He felt himself of gods the favored one,
Till once, in careless mood—a fatal day—
He put it down; forgetting, let it stay.
Then did he miss the light in two gray eyes,
That he was used to see, complacently,
The light that beams with Love's sublime surprise,
That touches earth with heaven's divinity.
The jewel! Vain the search. Swift penalty!
The angel's warning words remembered,
Told him the gem was gone, that Love was dead. —Life.

Some Valuable Lives.

New York World.

There are seven men in the United States who carry $1,000,000 and more insurance on their lives, two who carry $1,500,000, ane one who carries $4,000,000. The latter is Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, who is the most heavily insured man in the world.

James B. Colgate, a stock broker, at 36 Wall street, carries more insurance than any other resident of New York, his policies aggregating $1,500,000.

The millionaires and multimillionaires of Philadelphia, in proportion to their number, go in for life insurance more heavily than those of any other city. Statistics gathered by the Insurance Press and published yesterday show that 184 residents of Philadelphia are insured for $33,000,000, while New York, with four times as many millionaires, has 491 residents insured for $57,000,000. Chicago has 185 millionaires insured for $24,000,000.

There are 5,139 men in the United States insured for $50,000, or more, the total of their policies aggregating $540,967,000. There are seven insured for an even million each; four insured for $800,000 to $900,000; ten for $700,000 to $800,000, two for $600,000 to $700,000, and twenty-nine for $500,000 to $600,000. There are 1,136 men who carry from $100,000 to $150,000 each, and 271 who are insured for $200,000 to $300,000 each.

Of the seven men who are insured for $1,000,000 each, one lives in Georgia, one in Illinois, one in Louisiana, two in New York, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Wisconsin.

New York city has fifteen men who are insured for from $400,000 to $1,500,000; Philadelphia has fourteen insured for from $400,000 to $4,000,000; Chicago has five insured for from $400,000 to $1,000,000; Pittsburg has five insured for from $400,000 to $1,055,000; Baltimore has ten insured for from $200,000 to $600,000; Buffalo has six insured for from $200,000 to $800,000; St. Louis has eleven insured from $200,000 to $500,000; Detroit has eight insured for from $200,000 to $500,000; San Francisco has five in that class; Cincinnati has seventeen; Cleveland has six, and Boston sixteen, with two more whose policies run up to $600,000 each.

The Human Family.

Tit Bits.

The human family living on earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so-called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 850,000,000 people densely crowded, or an average of about 120 to every square mile.

In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000; and in the Americas—North, South and Central—110,000,000, these latter, of course, relatively, thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more. The extremes of the blacks and whites are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow and tawny in color.

Of the entire race 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness—250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts aud caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.

Booth Tarkington Pained.

New York Telegraph.

Booth Tarkington is taking himself very seriously in Paris just now, according to tales of a recently returned traveller. Since he and Harry Wilson wrote The Man from Home, Booth has come to consider himself a regular blown-in-the-bottle playwright, and in Paris he is conducting two afternoons a week at his apartment as a "salon," with celebrities among the guests, and many attempts at conversation with Miss C.

A fellow townsman from Booth's native Indianapolis dropped in one afternoon a few weeks ago, and after a long wait to give the celebrities a chance managed to get in a little conversation.

"Say, Booth," he remarked, "do you know they have gone and put a tablet on the front of the house you were born in back home?"

Tarkington looked pleased. "Is that so?" he said, in a slightly louder tone. "Do you know, that's very gratifying. It sort of discounts all those tales about a prophet being without honor, doesn't it? Who put up the tablet—the boys at the club?"

"Oh, no. The city officials ordered it done," answered the friend.

"Well, that's more remarkable still. The average political official isn't inclined to pay much attention to literary ability, nor does he seem willing, as a rule, to put up a tablet unless he sees a return in the line of votes or added political influence. However, it is very flattering. By the way, what was the inscription on the tablet?"

"Main street," returned his friend.

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgencies and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness. A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer!

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year, but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon.

"My folks thought it was coffee that alled me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me.

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will someone please tell me, through these columns, how to make wine from elderberries?—J. F. D., Gassaway, W. Va.

I would like to have a recipe for making elderberry wine, also grape wine.—I. D. S., Montrose, W. Va.

Hope some reader will kindly tell me how to make vegetable alcohol.—L. S. S., Roaring Branch, Pa.

FOR BLOODY MILKER

For the cow that gives bloody milk, soak the swollen udder with raw linseed oil as an external treatment. As a medical treatment, use the following: Sulphur, 1 pound; saltpetre, 1 pound; Epsom salts, 1 pound, mandrake, 2 ounces. Mix and powder. Dose, 2 tablespoonfuls a day three days, and then one a day until the trouble ceases. When quarter of udder is caked, as reported by Farmstead inquirer, use the linseed oil treatment.—D., Jackson, Mich.

FEEDING BURNT CORN

When fowls show symptoms of loosening of the bowels or indigestion, their diet should be changed at once, or the entire flock may be lost. They should be given one feed a day of burnt corn. Take a number of ears of corn and lay them on a bed of hot coals until they are burned black. Remove them from the fire and when cool shell and feed to the hens and grind some very coarse and feed to the chicks.

Put a lump of copperas into the drinking water and the trouble will soon be under control. Houses and runs must be sprayed, whmitewashed disinfected and cleaned often during warm weather. Use air-slacked lime for the runs and limewash for the houses. Make it thin and use salt, sulphur and crude carbolic acid in it.

Five pounds of salt and one pound of sulphur to six gallons of lime will kill and keep the lice and mites away for four weeks. Nest material must be changed every week.

YOUNG CHICKENS

Too much care cannot be given to the little chicks now in order that they may continue to grow and feather out properly. As said before, too much attention cannot be given to the water, which should be fresh several times a day, and a shady place for the chicks to

Truth and Quality

eal to the Well-Informed in every
k of life and are essential to permanent
ess and creditable standing. Accor-
y, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs
Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of
wn value, but one of many reasons
it is the best of personal and family
atives is the fact that it cleanses,
tens and relieves the internal organs
which it acts without any debilitating
r effects and without having to increase
quantity from time to time.

acts pleasantly and naturally and
y as a laxative, and its component
s are known to and approved by
sicians, as it is free from all objection-
substances. To get its beneficial
ts always purchase the genuine—
nufactured by the California Fig Syrup
only, and for sale by all leading drug-

GIVE.

Give of thy best,
th. honor, love, unfailing sympathy,
has bestowed His richest gifts on
thee!

Do thou the rest.

Give of thy truth,
truth will answer thee. Set high
this crown
n thy life, that naught shall drag it
down

To dust forsooth.

Give honor, too,
honor will come back to thee again.
eased a hundredfold, through strife
and pain

And much ado.

Give of thy love,
love will open the gate of Paradise.
shalt thou reach, through human
sacrifice,

The life above.

Give sympathy,
ease some aching heart with heavy
load,
help to bear the Cross upon the road
To Calvary.

rriet Kendall, in Chamber's Journal.

DOG MILKS JERSEY COW

Louis Post-Dispatch.

A. Montague, of Kirkwood, knows
why his Jersey cow has not been
plying the family with milk these
months past. He has been provid-
a Newfoundland dog with daily
rposts.
hen Bossy's milk supply fell off out
eason two months ago Mr. Montague
luded that a milk thief was beating
to it. He got up earlier, but it was
same thing. By and by he made up
mind that something was the mat-
with the cow.
e would have called in a cow doctor,
she seemed to be thriving all right.
waited for some time to solve the
tery.
ll this time there was another mys-
up at the Oakwood hotel. The
-of-all-work Newfoundland dog, owned
ne of the guests, began to fall off
t the time that Mr. Montague's
supply began to fail.
r. Montague was up at daylight Fri-
for something or other. He caught
o milking the cow. Carlo saw him
ng and left in the middle of the

BACK IN THE UNION

a Washington meeting of a Rough
r organization one of the members
the following story of a fiery old
therner, whose son, at the outbreak
he war with Spain, was desirous of
ing Col. Roosevelt's regiment.
he old gentleman had been wont to
are that he "went out of the Union"
his state did; and during the pe-
d when the close of the one war
the beginning or the other he was
apparently hopelessly "unrecon-
cted."
the surprise, therefore, of all that
w him, the old man offered no ob-
ion when his son, a stalwart lad,
with the Rough Riders to Cuba.
long afterward, the volunteer re-
ked to a fellow soldier:
he old man is back in the Union at

oes he say so?" asked the other
a glance at the letter the boy

amounts to the same thing," was
answer. "He now writes 'United
es' without quotation marks."—
adelphia Ledger.

Land for Thousands

on Transcript.

e people of the United States are
er by a good many hundreds of thou-
ds of acres than they were before the
rnment began the prosecution of the
frauds. The land recovered in Ne-
ka alone and restored to the public
ain aggregates 1,291,195 acres, and
state is merely one to which the
ess has been applied. When the con-
on of the California land grabbers is
med, more great tracts will be re-
ed to their lawful owners. Great re-
have attended the prosecutions, and
of the greatest of these is the aroused
lar interest in the east in the public
ds. Hereabouts they constitute terra
nita, and the easy disposition to re-
legislation concerning them as the
ess of the west has been in no small
ree responsible for the facilities for
dering.

They Eat Rattlesnake

ton, N. J., Special to New York
imes.

ght persons partook of a meal at a
l hotel at which fried rattlesnake
the chief dish. Those in the party
e Mr. and Mrs. William Erb, Thom-
Erb, Frank B. Allen, of Bernards-
; Mrs. C. J. White and Augustus
te, of Harrison. All declare that the
esnake was very palatable.
he snake was killed early in the day
Mr. Allen while he was inspecting a
n near Lake Owassa. He had eaten
esnakes before in North Dakota,
re the natives call them prairie eels,
to the others in the party it was a
dish. Those who ate the meat said
it was sweeter and finer than that
n eel. The skin, on which there were
rattles, will be tanned.

Last of the Solid South

imore American.

Take my word for it that we have
d the last of the 'Solid South,'"
Col. A. M. Hughes, ex-postmaster
Columbia, Tenn., who is stopping
he Rennert.

I am not moved by partisanship in
g that Taft has at least an equal
w with Bryan in Tennessee, Geor-
and North Carolina, and it would
be in the least surprising if the
ublican ticket were to win in all
e. Georgia is a Roosevelt state,
th Carolina is really Republican,
in Tennessee the Democrats are
bitterly divided by feuds that, if
have a fair count, the election is
ost certain to be in favor of the
ublicans.
The south is now in line with the
gressive spirit of the nation. Many
en of those Democrats who from
habit and prejudice are going to
port Bryan—admit privately that
e Taft is better fitted for the pres-
cy, and they secretly hope for his
ess."

TO-NIGHT
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS AND LIVER
10c. 25c. 50c. MONEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP All Druggists

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

EASTER EGGS

Will the Question Bureau please tell why it is the custom to eat eggs on Easter, and when did it originate?—M. M., Stillville, Mich.

Many of the popular observances collected with Easter are clearly of pagan origin. The most characteristic Easter rite, and the one most widely diffused, is the use of Pasch, Easter eggs. They are usually stained of various colors with dye-woods or herbs, and the people mutually make presents of them; sometimes they are kept as maulets, sometimes eaten; games are also played by striking them against one another. In some moorland parts of Scotland, it used to be the custom for young people to go out early on "Pasch Sunday" and search for wild fowls' eggs for breakfast, and it was thought lucky to find them. There can be little doubt that the use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature—the springing forth of life in spring. The practice is not confined to Christians; the Jews used eggs in the feast of the Passover; and we are told that the Persians, when they kept the festival of the solar new year (in March) mutually present each other with colored eggs. From the Christian point of view, this "Feast of Eggs" has usually been considered as emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

JOSEPH G. CANNON

Will you please give a short sketch of Joseph G. Cannon?—L. M. H., Hale, N. C.

Joseph G. Cannon, the American politician, was born in Guilford, North Carolina, May 7, 1836. His father, Dr. Horace C. Cannon, died when young Cannon was only fourteen years old. He worked in a country store until he was twenty-one, when he began to study law in the office of Usher and Pattison. He was admitted to the bar in 1858. Cannon moved from Indiana to Tuscola, Illinois, where, in 1861, he was elected state's attorney for his district. In 1873 he was elected a member of the 43d congress and has been a member of every congress since then with the exception of the fifty-fourth. He was a member of the committee on appropriations for 22 years and for ten years was chairman of the same committee. In this position Mr. Cannon achieved his greatest fame. The responsibility of this position is great. The constant assaults on the treasury which come in the form of petitions, appeals, amendments and recommendations from various quarters must be made to the committee on appropriations in the house of representatives. There just expenditures must be sorted out from unjust. For years the chairman of this committee has been called the "watch dog of the treasury." Mr. Cannon has been prominent in the discussion of reforms of government, currency, tariff, internal improvements, shipping, increase of the navy, reorganization of the army and the Nicaraugua canal. In 1903 he was elected speaker of the house of representatives. In 1862 he was married to Mary Reed, and has had two daughters, Helen A. and Mabel, wife of Ernest X. Leisure, of Danville.

GOVERNOR WILLSON

Please give a short sketch of Governor Willson, of Kentucky. Give his plurality, and the name of his opponent in the election of 1907.—G. W. S., Indian Springs, Tenn.

Augustus Everett Willson, lawyer and governor of Kentucky, was born in Maysville, Kentucky, October 13, 1846. His father's name was Hiram Willson. Willson graduated from Harvard in 1869. He married Mary E. Ekin, daughter of Col. James A. Ekin, July 23, 1877. He was the Republican nominee for congress several times. In 1907 Willson was elected governor by a plurality of 18,053 over Hager, the Democratic candidate.

HAYES-TILDEN VOTE

Please tell which states cast their electoral vote for Rutherford B. Hayes and which for Samuel J. Tilden in the presidential election of 1876. Give the electoral vote of each state. Also give the popular vote for Hayes and for Tilden.—C. W., Altair, N. Y.

The following states cast their electoral votes for Hayes: California 6; Colorado 3; Florida 4; Illinois 21; Iowa 1; Kansas 5; Louisiana 8; aMine 7; Massachusetts 12; Michigan 11; Minnesota 5; Nebraska 3; Nevada 3; New Hampshire 5; Ohio 22; Oregon 3; Pennsylvania 29; Rhode Island 4; South Carolina 7; Vermont 5; Wisconsin 10. The folowing cast their vote for Tilden: Alabama 10; Arkansas 6; Connecticut 6; Delaware 3; Georgia 11; Indiana 15; Kentucky 12; Maryland 8; Mississippi 8; Missouri 15; New Jersey 9; New York 35; North Carolina 10; Tennessee 12; Texas 8; Virginia 11; and West Virginia 5. Hayes received 4,033,950 popular votes and Tilden received 4,284,757 popular votes.

TAYLOR'S MESSAGES

General Zachary Taylor was elected president in 1848. Either his inaugural address or his first message to congress, I have forgotten which, was only about four inches long. This document was the cause of much amusement at the time. Can you publish it in the Question Bureau?—G. L. P., Marion, Ind.

Taylor's inaugural address contained about one thousand words which made it longer than any of his five first message to congress was quite lengthy. The only brief messages he wrote to congress were special messages of no interest at the present time.

UNITARIANISM

Every time you answer a query about William H. Taft's religion you simply say, "He is a Unitarian." Will you please define the word "Unitarian?"—G. L. P., Marion, Ind.

In an article on Unitarianism, Thos. Roberts Slicer explains the position of the Unitarians. They have no creed. There is a consensus of belief among them which asserts itself over all minor differences, and leads to a unity among the churches and in each church that is far more potent than that which has been achieved by the churches upon which authority is imposed. The National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches states its basis of religious fellowship in the following words: "These churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with His teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man." This may be further emphasized by the statement attributed to James Freeman Clarke, for 48 years the minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, who expressed the Unitarian faith as a "belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, salvation by a character, and the progress of mankind upward and onward forever." Perhaps its practical activities and mental attitude have been well expressed by the phrase initiated first by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of its most distinguished and trusted leaders, "looking up and not down, forward and not backward, out and not in, and lending a hand." This motto which Dr. Hale describes in Ten Times One Are Ten, has been adopted by great bodies of young people, and to its initiative may be attributed the formation among many other denominations of the Epworth League, the King's Daughters, the Look Up Legions and several others, to unite, upon a purpose, rather than upon an opinion, great bodies of young people for the religious life.

Nearly all the local Unitarian churches have adopted a covenant which is the expression of their purpose and not the expression of theological opinion. Many of these covenants are the same as those used in the earliest colonial churches, notably that in Salem. Others formed within the last 25 years have adopted as a simple covenant this form: "In the love of the truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we join for the worship of God and the service of man." These covenants are a basis of union and a statement of purpose in the individual church, and are not construed as a test of membership, in accordance with the fundamental rule that character, not opinion; integrity, not theological accuracy, is first to be considered.

The word "Unitarian," used first as an epithet, has been cheerfully adopted as perhaps the easiest way in which to announce the fundamental doctrine upon which all Unitarians agree—namely, the unity of God as distinct from any speculation as to the Trinity. The doctrine of the unity of God is held by all Unitarians to be true and necessary to integrity of thought and the higher inspiration of religion. With this fundamental doctrine is associated the declaration of the simple humanity of Jesus; the unfailing work of the Holy Spirit; the universality of revelation; the direct communion of the spirit of God with the spirit of man. In other words, the difference as to doctrinal position between Unitarians and other Christian churches appears not in what Unitarians believe, but in what the evangelical churches, so-called, add to this belief. The growing liberality of other Christians, the steadily constructive tendency of the Unitarians themselves has brought about an increased spiritual sympathy and cooperation with those churches which formerly denied to Unitarians the Christian name, for which they have always contended.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW

Will the Question Bureau kindly give the distance between the scene of the Mountain Meadow massacre and Salt Lake City, Utah? Also where is Zion county as you have stated in The Blade that the massacre occurred in Zion county? I cannot find Zion county on the map of Utah.—J. J. G., Morgantown, W. Va.

We assume that there was in Utah, at the time of the Mountain Meadow massacre, a county by the name of Zion. However, there is no such county now, as you say. We cannot give the distance from Salt Lake City to the region known as Mountain Meadow. None of the accounts of the massacre tell us that.

BARON STEUBEN

Please give a brief biography of Baron Steuben, the revolutionary officer.—J. J. H., South Hill, Virginia.

Frederick William Augustus Steuben, baron, eminent in the service to the American cause, at a time when it needed help from such as he, died in Utica, N. Y., at the age of 64 years. Deep affection from every true American is his due, for the order and skill in which he brought the American forces in their great exigency. Like many other foreigners he left home, wealth, for the privilege of fighting for the American cause. He was born at Madgeburg, Prussia, November 15, 1730, and received a good education. He entered the military service and soon rose to a position near the king, the Frederick William. He ranked high in the military and court circles of Europe, because of the reputation he had made in the seven years' war. He was not obliged to leave his country but came voluntarily, and upon arrival, offered his services to Congress. He was placed with the army at Valley Forge and at once introduced the Prussian drill by adapting it to the American troops. In the brilliant campaign which followed his influence was felt. He wrote a book on military science in French, at the solitation of Washington and congress. He could not use the English language. It was translated and was the only book of the kind accessible to the American soldiers during the revolution. He ultimately became a major general and his services can never be overestimated. He was a fervent Christian, but was possessed of a quick temper, which would manifest itself when he undertook to deal with raw troops. He, however, gained the good will of the soldier, and would often reward the apt scholar out of his own pocket. His life was full of noble and generous acts, and his fortune dwindled away through kindness of heart. In 1790 he was voted by congress an annuity of $2,500 for life, and land from several states, including 16,000 acres from New York. He retired to log house on the latter and freely settled some of his old army acquaintances upon the land, which he presented to them. His last years were spent in comparitive quiet.

SARGASSO SEA

Will you please tell all you can about the Sargasso sea?—W. T. H., Carson City, Mich.

The Sargasso sea is a tract in the North Atlantic ocean where a seaweed, sargassum, is found in great abundance. The tract is covered with the floating seaweed which is compared to a floating meadow or prairie. Columbus passed through this seaweed on his voyage to America. The geographical position and the abundance of the plants remains the same as when Columbus passed through them. The tract is distributed into two principal masses, the largest of which is situated a little to the west of the Canary and Fayal and between the parallels of 25 degrees and 36 degrees N. The smaller bank is less known and occupies a space between the Bahamas and the Bermudas. The water is very deep in the Sargasso sea. A similar mass of seaweed grows in the Pacific, north of the Sandwich islands. It occupies a larger space but is little known.

MONEY

Please give a short history of money.—D. M., Ethel, W. Va.

Money is the term used to designate the medium of exchange, the standard or measure of value; in ordinary use, however, it is applied only to coin and paper currency. Many different articles and substances have been utilized as money, the selection depending in each case upon the circumstances. In the nomadic states skins of animals were used; in the agricultural the domesticated animals themselves were used. People living near the seashore used shells of a superior quality. At times grain, beans and tobacco proved acceptable and later the metals came to the ancients were used. Commodities which proved unfit for money were used less as civilization advanced. The partially civilized people of today use the article condemned as unfit for money, such as the cowrie shells are used in Siam and the surrounding countries, lead in Burma, and beads in many parts of Africa and Oceanica. In communities well advanced in civilization the scarcity of valuable metals compels the people to use other articles such as skins of beaver and other fur-bearing animals which were used in the successive frontier settlements of the United States. The early colonists employed the wampum (shells) of the Indians in the north and the tobacco of those in the south. It was requisite that the object selected to serve as money should possess value, immediate or potential, for ordinary uses, for means of ornamentation or for the gratification of other desires; since no one would part with his property or labor for something having no value, direct or indirect. Objects lacking this quality could not for any extended period prove acceptable.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

When, where and by whom was the first Sunday school established in England and the United States?—L. S. D., Brookings, S. D.

The first English Sunday school was established in Gloucester, England, 1781, by Robert Raikes. Sunday schools were established in the United States, December 19, 1790, by a society, the president of which was Bishop William White, and the secretary, Matthew Carey.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

When does the next total eclipse of the sun, visible in this country, occur? Also, in what month of the year is Halley's comet due to appear?—W. D. R., Plankinton, S. D.

The next total eclipse of the sun, visible in the United States, occurs June 8, 1918. It will be visible from Oregon to Florida. There is one visible in the New England and middle states January 24, 1925. Halley's comet appears in 1910, but we cannot give the month.

LEGAL TENDER

To settle a dispute please answer: A insists that a person is not compelled to take bank notes for pay; B insists that he is compelled to take them. Who is in the right, A or B?—F. D., Hemlock, Mich.

Bank notes are legal tender in all parts of the United States in payment of taxes, excises, public lands and all other dues to the United States, except duties on imports, also for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the national currency, and also for any debt or liability to any national banking association, except gold note banks.

VOTING QUALIFICATIONS

Has any state prohibited negroes from voting? Are Indians allowed to vote? What does the United States constitution say in regard to this?—A. A. D., Jackson Center, O.

No state has a law that, in so many words, prohibits a negro from voting, but qualifications are required that prevent them from voting. All Indians cannot vote. In California, a voter is required to be able to read and write. This prohibits some Indians and negroes. Indians not taxed and persons unable to read or write are prohibited from voting in Maine. Those in other states prohibited from voting are Indians with tribal relations; a person whose father or grandfather could not vote before January 1, 1867, in North Carolina; Indians lacking customs of civilization, in Minnesota; Indians not taxed, in Mississippi and Washington; no Indians at all, in Montana, Nevada and New Mexico. One unable to read the state constitution or write his own name cannot vote in Wyoming. Only those able to read or write, or who own $300 worth of property assessed in their own name, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote January 1, 1867, can vote in Louisiana. The United States constitution confers citizenship on every citizen of the United States, but the separate states determine the voting qualifications.

BENJAMIN F. BACHE

Please give a sketch of the life of Benjamin F. Bache, the publisher of the old Philadelphia Aurora. What relation was he to Benjamin Franklin.—E. H., Corydon, Ind.

Benjamin Franklin Bache, the American physician and great-granson of Benjamin Franklin, was born in Marcellcello, Virginia, February 7, 1801, and died in 1881. Bache entered the navy as assistant surgeon in 1824, after having graduated at Princeton college in 1819, and the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1823. In 1828 he was promoted to be surgeon. He was professor of natural sciences and natural religion in Kenyon college while on a three-year furlough. He served as fleet surgeon of the Mediteranean squadron in 1841-1844 and of the Brazil squadron in 1848-1850. Bache organized and perfected the laboratory at New York whence are supplied all the appurtenances of the medical department, and of which he was director from 1855 to 1871, being of great service to the federal army during the civil war. He was placed on the retired list in 1861, and in 1871 was promoted to be medical director with the relative rank of commodore.

A MIRAGE

What is the cause of a mirage?—A. J. D., Barber, N. C.

A mirage is a phenomenon extremely common in certain localities, and as simple in its origin as it is astonishing in its effects. Under it are classed the appearance of instant objects as doubble, or as if suspended in the air, erected or inverted, etc. One cause of mirage is a diminution of the density of the air near the space of the earth, produced by the transmission of heat from the earth, or in some other way; the denser stratum being thus placed above, instead of, as is usually the case, below the rarer. Now, rays of light from a distant object, situated in the denser medium that is a little above the earth's level, coming in a direction nearly parallel to the earth's surface, and instead of passing into it, are reflected back in the dense mdium the common surface of the two media acting as a mirror. Suppose, then, a spectator to be situated on an eminence and looking at an object situated like himself in the denser stratum of air, he will see the object by means or directly transmitted rays; but besides this rays from the object will be reflected from the upper surface of the rarer stratum of air beneath, to his eye. The image produced by the reflected rays will appear inverted and below the real object, just as an image reflected in water appears when observed from a distance. If the object is a cloud or a portion of sky, it will appear by the reflected rays as lying on the surface of the earth and bearing a strong resemblance to a sheet of water; also, as the reflecting surface is irregular, and constantly varies its position, owing to the constant communication of heat to the upper stratum, the reflected image will be constantly varying and will appear like water ruffled by the wind.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Will you please tell me what the Giant's Causeway is?—R. F. C., Pittsburg, Ky.

The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in basalt, many of them made up of rude vertical columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial semblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to the small part of it which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from 15 to 36 feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low-water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle, and Grand Causeway, these being separated from each other by dikes of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the most precision, and it is said that even water cannot penetrate between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform, as its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that it presents an almost smooth area extending to the water, seeming to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convenience of giants.

OLDEST TOWNS

What are the oldest towns in the United States?—A. F. H., Oakdale, Pa.

The oldest town in the United States is St. Augustine, Fla., the Spaniards having built a fort there in 1565. They were a long while about it, but when it was finished it was a strong work for the time. It is now Fort Marion, and garrisoned by United States troops. Jamestown, Va., comes next on the list, having been settled in 1607 by the English, but Jamestown is not now in existence. It was situated within the present limits of James City, Va., on a point of land projecting from the north bank of the James river, 32 miles above its mouth. The encroachments of the river have made it an island, and a portion of the site has been swept away. A part of an old church tower and some tombstones about it are the only relics remaining. Albany, N. Y., is the third oldest city in the country, and the oldest of any importance. It was founded in 1623 by the Dutch, and named in 1664 for the Duke of York and Alban. It was originally surrounded by a stockade.

MISCELLANEOUS

O. W. L., Los Angeles, Cal.: We know nothing about "The Wilds of Missouri" you speak of in your question.

E. M., Sedalia, Mo.: We have no statistics of the railroad strikes of the country and their settlement.

G. T. K., Maud, Ala.: Connecticut is pronounced "Kon-net-e-kut," with the accent on the second syllable.

R. C. H., Success, Mo.: It is the opinion of the Question Bureau that the bill to which you refer did not pass.

T. B. M., Hutchinson, Kan.: Write to T. M. Wilmot, secretary and manager of the Carnegie hero fund. He is a resident of Pittsburg, Pa.

C. J., Rhodes, Ia.: We have no access to the laws on the subjects you ask about, and cannot answer.

I. F. J., Forest City, Mo.: There are many systems of preserving road surfaces by the use of oils and tar. Of the one to which you refer we can give no information. We suggest that you write to the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., for definite information.

E. W. A., Winfield, Kan.: Your request for the religious views of all the presidents of the United States cannot be answered in these columns.

E. E. H., Lowell, Mo.: Your question is a technical one and we have not the necessary knowledge to answer it intelligently.

E. W. B., Lyons, N. Y.: There are literary exchange bureaus in the country, but we cannot advertise them in the Bureau. The rules will not permit it.

D. H., Kearney, Neb.: Mr. Taft has been accused of unfriendliness to labor, but there is nothing in his career to justify such an accusation. His recent speech of acceptance clearly defines his views with reference to labor.

H. S. M., Adams, Ill.: John W. Kern, the Democratic candidate for vice president, is not a member of any church, but holds orthodox views of religion and comes of Methodist stock.

M. A. K., Salem, Ia.: For answer to your question write to the general land commissioner, department of interior, Washington, D. C.

TRUE RICHES

Home Notes.

Health is the only riches that a man ought to set value on, for without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will.

SOMETHING OF CLOTHES ---AND THE WOMAN

"I WANT A LACE DRESS."

She was the type of woman one asks instinctively: "Well, how much a dozen, Mrs. Murphy?" The wash tub had left its marks on her bent shoulders and wrinkled red hands. The perspiration she mopped from her brow was not unlike soapsuds.

"Sure, an' I want a lace dress," she announced to the marcelled forelady in a certain establishment that prides itself on an exclusive clientele. With an insolent wave of a bediamonded hand a girl was summoned to serve her: "A lace dress!" Then, as if the homely old figure were an intruder to be hurried out of sight: "We have a line of reduced lace waists at five dollars—like to see them?"

"I want a lace dress," stoutly. "I'd like to look at anything up to two hundred and fifty dollars!" producing a green wad, from which she peeled off a fifty-dollar bill as a guarantee that the rest was there.

She had waved the magic wand. The place was hers. Seated on an elaborately upholstered dais she critically examined each lace gown brought to her. It was an exquisite thing she finally decided on, for $245. She counted the money out carefully, explaining she was saving the remaining five to buy a "red" parasol.

Mrs. Murphy, eating out her heart for a white lace gown and a crimson sunshade, typifies the great mass of women all over the land who would work cheerfully with "a fresh heart for the childer," and indirectly for the good of the commonwealth, the rest of their lives if only some such feminine dream might be realized. It is pitiful to think how much things that amount to nothing may come to mean to a woman.

For all such as these a Utopian government would send out a lot of good clothes, or the wherewithal to get them, along with the annual offering of garden seed to the gude man of the household. True, it might be a trifle more expensive, but in the end it would pay. There is a certain spiritual—aesthetic—starvation that in its way is quite as appealing as the hunger of those who stand in the bread line. A wise government will one day recognize and make provision for it.

There is a little girl on the east side who lay resigned to die until a charitable society last week dumped a lot of rubbage on her household, from which a pair of frivolous little dancing school slippers were fished. Those slippers pulled her back to life. She's making a fresh fight to live to show them to the street. All the free dispensary's drugs had less effect on her than the sight of those beribboned ties.

If the truth were known the Amazons were feminized the first time they ever gazed upon frills and furbelows.

A French magazine recently gave space to a long article on a certain reformatory where the worst women criminals have been controlled by the power of clothes. The rule is that inmates dress according to their good behavior—prison stripes for the sulky and unmanageable, on up to feminine house gowns of lace if they deserve the latter. The article stated that no one of the inmates ever returns to the stripes after the first week. Shut off from the world, seeing no one but fellow criminals, these women are contented and happy, year after year simply because they are permitted to dress becomingly for their own satisfaction. The disciple of dress! Properly gowned, the deduction is, every woman would be good and docile and beautifully obedient!

Who can explain or deny the all-conquering spirit of clothes? From the cradle to the grave, the feminine ear is attuned to their sibilant swish! Whether or not the traditional road to a man's heart be the true one, nobody who knows the Eternal Feminine questions its dependence on dress for at least part of its spiritual sustenance.

Clothes and the woman—we sing!

READ TRUTH IN THE STARS

H. B. W., in Woman's National Daily.

There were 13 stars on that first field
of blue,
By brain, brawn and sword the galaxy
grew,
What man had e'er done, man dared try
to do—
Their deeds tell a Nation's grand
story.
It's a story for grandsire, sire and son,
A story of great deeds nobly done.
That tale of the flag on which ne'er
sets the sun,
And it tells of the growth of Old
Glory.

There are forty-six stars on today's
field of blue,
And each separate star sings a grand
song to you,
It's a song that will thrill every heart
that is true,
With a wonderful, wonderful story.
Then doff hats, my lads, read the truth
in the stars
That have never been dimmed in peace
or in wars,
Whose brilliancy no act of dishonor
mars—
Learn the truth from the stars of
Old Glory.

Royal Chickens of Japan.

Baltimore American.

"The most beautiful and extraordinary chickens in the world are those bred by the royal family of Japan, the privilege of raising them not being accorded to any of the mikado's subjects," said Mr. L. J. De Courcey, of Yokohama, at the Bennert. "These chickens are celebrated for the wonderful growth of their tail feathers, a full-grown rooster's tail often reaching a length of twenty feet. The tail is of a lovely deep blue shade, and about the neck is a white ring. A pair of these chickens has been konwn to sell to a wealthy Englishman for $1,000 on condition that he would take them out of the country.

"I believe that ere long the species will entirely disappear, as I heard before leaving Japan that it was the intention of his majesty to cease their breeding."

Dreaming of Danger, Falls.

Philadelphia North American.

The danger to her son, William, who makes nightly balloon ascensions at Edgewood park, so filled the mind of Mrs. Ryle A. Bressler that she dreamed of his perilous undertaking early today and fell down a flight of steps, sustaining probably fatal injuries.

"I thought I was near a silk mill at Edgewood," she said, "and that Will was going up in the balloon. Some one called to push back or the balloon would strike me. When I came to my husband was at my side at the bottom of the steps."

It is supposed the woman arose while dreaming and was standing at the top landing when the order to "Push back!" was given. She then stepped over, falling down the flight of steps.

Icemaking by Hand

Consular Reports.

Consul Albert Halsted, of Birmingham, states that the invention of a new British icemaking machine is reported which works on the principle that water will freeze when evaporated rapidly by a vaccum pump and a powerful absorbent, such as sulphuric acid. It is said that the machine can be worked by hand and will turn out carafes of iced water at the rate of one in three minutes and blocks of ice weighing about one pound in twenty minutes. The apparatus, consisting of the absorber and the carafe, or the ice mold, are rocked by means of a handwheel and crank, which serves also to create the vaccum. This apparatus is made at Reading, England.

Japanese School Strike.

Japan Times.

It is reported from Nara Prefecture that the students of the fourth class in the higher grade of the Yamacho Primary Girls' school went on strike on Saturday. The cause of the strike is reported to be the unpopularity of a new teacher named Shibata. In the previous terms Mr. Yanagizawa, their teacher, was so highly esteemed by the girls that they hoped and wished that he would continue to teach in the present term. But contrary to their expectations the new teacher in charge was appointed to instruct their class with the change of the term. This caused great disappointment to the young girls, who consequently struck in the hope of being instructed by their former teacher. Their parents are said to be supporting the daughters' claims.

Babys Tooth as Souvenir

New York Sun.

Two women met at the bridge table. "I ou will pardon me," said one, "but I have often remarked one of your rings. I am supposed to be an expert on stones, but I cannot place that one."

Drawing off the ring in question and presenting it for closer inspection, the other said:

"I think it would puzzle you a little. The fact is that is my first baby's first tooth, and I had it set in diamonds as a souvenir of some of my happiest days."

A Carlyle Wedding

London Standard.

Craigenputtock, where Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was written, has just been the scene of a notable wedding. The bride was Mary Carlyle of Craigenputtock, a grandniece of Thomas Carlyle, and the bridegroom James Carlyle, a farmer, of Pingle. Dumfriesshire, a son of Thomas Carlyle's favorite nephew. Pingle is about four miles from Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, and this village is the original of the Entuphl of "Sartor Resartus."

THE GENTLER SEX.

St. Louis Republic.

To meet the opposition of leading lawyers and politicians in Des Moines, surmount defeat in the county courts and at last win from the supreme court a decision that women cannot be denied the right to vote on propositions bearing on increase of taxation is the remarkable accomplishment of Miss Grace Ballentyne, a young woman lawyer of Des Moines, Iowa. In accomplishing this she has blocked the erection of a new $350,000 city hall, and before it can proceed the supreme court says, the proposition must be resubmitted and the women receive a chance to vote. The Iowa statute provides that on the question of bond issues for public improvements women shall have the right to vote. At the special election, when the Des Moines plan was adopted, the city hall politicians and City Solicitor Bremner sought to disfranchise the women. They submitted two questions. One was: "Shall the city build a new city hall?" The other was: "Shall a tax be levied to pay for a new city hall?" This, they claimed, circumvented the requirements of the law. When women appeared to vote on these propositions they were told that there were no ballots prepared for them. The propositions carried. Immediately the women started injunction proceedings through Miss Ballentyne. Judge Brennan, in the lower court, held with the city officers. The young woman, undaunted, carried the case to the supreme court, and has just been rewarded by the opinion of the court: "Women in Iowa can no longer be forbidden the ballot on questions that affect the taxation of real property, unless the present statute should be repealed." The city has sold the bonds, but cannot use the money for the purpose until the women have had a chance to vote on the city hall question.

Vegetables as Medicines

Kansas City Journal.

Carrots are excellent for gout. Cranberries correct the liver. Asparagus stimulates the kidneys. Watercress is an excellent blood purifier. Honey is a good substitute for cod liver oil. Parsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla. Celery contains sulphur and helps to ward off rheumatism. Lananas are beneficial to sufferers from chest complaints. Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also are a tonic for the nerves. Beet root is fattening and good for people who want to put on flesh. Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people. Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia. Spinach has great aperient qualities and is far better than medicine for sufferers from constipation. The juice of a lemon is excellent for sore throat, but should not be swallowed, but used as a gargle.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Capt. Dibble, who lives on a farm near this place, is in his ninety-sixth year, and says he never had a rheumatic pain in all his life, and but little or any other kind of sickness. He accounts for this by having sailed 50 years on the salt seas. He says salt renders you immune from rheumatism as well as other ills to which the body is heir. The captain drinks freely of salt water and sprinkles salt in his bed every night. He is a well-preserved man, and although near the 100 milestone, gets around as well as the average man of 50 or 60.— Rolla Sharpshooter.

Oklahoma Nights

Shawnee (Okla.) Herald.

It matters not how hot the day may be in the new state, as soon as the sun goes down the breeze rises. It comes from no mysterious source. It is simply the radiation of heat which will occur in any open country which is hot enough. At 6 o'clock the breeze will make your hatband whistle. At 8 it will flap your tie in your face, and if you are wearing a soft hat and glasses the brim of your hat will beat against the rim of your glasses and make deep red marks on your cheek. By 10 o'clock the breeze is no longer a breeze, but moans and whistles round the corners like a March zephyr in Missouri. And if you stay up until blood-red Aldebaran rises in the east and Vega dips low in the west, the wind comes in enormous sighs like the very world must have been shaken to give them vent.

Sun Cures Lightning Stroke

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Although stricken three weeks ago while driving home behind a heavy team of horses, with his ear drums both so badly injured that recovery was thought hopeless, by a bolt of lightning which struck him on the forehead, cooked the cuticle and part of the flesh on his side and breast, Ralph Martin, of Rosalia, is now able to hear words spoken to him in a moderate tone. The wonderful cure was effected by simple exposure to the sun's rays.

The man's features will be but slightly blemished, only a small scar remaining. The treatment which has been given Martin was simply lying at full length in the open air, his face covered with a piece of flimsy gauze, and his body but lightly covered with a spread, allowing as much fresh air and sunshine to reach him as possible. The bolt which struck Martin killed one of his horses and dazed the other, the horse now being in a state of dementia.

CANDIDATE'S 9 REASONS

Card of Missourian Who Wants to Be Secretary of State.

The old-time candidate for a county office always took particular pains to kiss all the babies he saw. That gave a personal touch to the campaign, for every baby was a vote getter. If the candidate was anxious to cinch the vote he went on to say that he had a baby, too. The tie that binds parents was as close as that of being a member of the voter's lodge.

But in the decadent days of the twentieth century conventions of physicians have condemned the kisser of babies and the politician never can tell whether he will lose a vote or win one using the old system.

To a Missouri Democrat from Jasper county belongs the prize for the most advanced and scientific method of using it. His campaign card on one side is like all other cards: "Your kind remembrance is requested at the primary election August 4. Cornelius Roach, proprietor of the Jasper County Democrat, Carthage, Missouri, would like to be Secretary of State."

But the other side! Above a half-tone picture of nine small children is the catchword:

"Say, Mister!"

No one cold resist that. The voter looks below. This is what he reads:

Won't you please vote for our papa for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State? Here are nine reasons—and you may have others.

Now, how is any man with the spark of life in him going to resist an appeal like that? asks the Kansas City Star, which tells the story.

The Maidenhair.

Christine Putnam Kelley in Boston Transcript.

Low—nestling by a giant boulder's base,
A rustic virgin her dark tresses twines,
While, bristling with fierce pikes, the
stalwart pines
Mount guard before her secret resting-
place.
Now this, now that plumed warrior hails
the breeze

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 202,000

This country should have better roads, with fewer jumping-off places for automobiles.

The price of whisky is advancing, thus adding to the increased cost of living too fast.

A Pennsylvania man is going to quit smoking at ninety-six. He desires to live to a ripe old age.

Within two or three years the airships now flying around will look old-fashioned and completely out of date.

With that world-famous mustache in the way, kissing the kaiser must be a pretty ticklish undertaking.

About the worst thing the new apple trust can do will be to hand us a Ben Davis when we ask for a pippin.

Wilbur Wright has done enough in the way of successful flying to remind the people that he was born in Ohio.

Yes, Ohio is a doubtful state this year. Nobody can tell whether Taft's plurality will be 100,000 or 150,000.

"Smile once a day," is the motto of a New Jersey optimist league. Smiling only on paydays will not do.

President Roosevelt's idea of providing plenty of shade on the farm should make a hit with the hired man.

Mr. Taft has bought another horse. It stands sixteen hands high, weighs 1,200 pounds, and has a stout backbone.

Senator La Follette is going to invest his money in a weekly newspaper. He must know where he can get some more.

A Pittsburg man dreamed that Bryan has carried Pennsylvania. Report does not say what he had been eating.

The eastern man who ate fifty ears of corn at one sitting should now show the world what he can do with breakfast food.

A day on the planet Jupiter is said to be as long as 50,000 American days. If we had a holiday of that length we'd never get over it.

"What is the proper way to eat watermelon?" asks the New York World. Well, just pitch in and help yourself is one way.

Somebody rises to remark that President Roosevelt "has no faith in those who do things by halves." How about cutting a watermelon?

A juror, in a case which was being heard in an Atlantic City court, fell asleep during the trial. Probably forgot that he was not in church.

The sultan of Turkey is going to bow to the inevitable, though time was when he would have kicked the inevitable off the premises.

An effort is being made to set the Oklahoma constitution to music. And if that is accomplished they may want it adopted as the national hymn.

The estimated cost of the Democratic campaign is $500,000, or about fifty cents each for every Democrat who would like to have a postmastership.

Mr. Bryan's campaign trip to Ohio will not frighten the women and children. He has talked to Ohio people before without doing any particular damage.

Mr. Taft will take his time to tell what he thinks of Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance. However, he is not postponing his opinion on account of the weather.

The July record of excavating at Panama was 3,168,640 cubic yards of dirt, more than enough to bury the pessimists who declare the canal will never be finished.

Marriage in England is decreasing, and the suggestion has been made that the young men are afraid, if they spread the matrimonial net, they may catch a suffragette.

If Judge Parker's enthusiasm for Bryan becomes much more intense, it is likely to lead to the suspicion that he would like to have another try for the presidency in 1912.

A man in Indiana vows not to paint his house until Bryan is elected President. He is probably among that class of men who paint the barn and allow the house to go without.

"The empty stomach vote is going to prove a factor of consequence in this year's election," says the Houston Post. Is there such a thing as an empty stomach in Grand Old Texas?

The supreme test will come when the sultan is compelled to pick one wife from among the members of the harem and cling to her exclusively. The young Turks are asking much of the old man.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding the rapid strides being made toward the successful navigation of the air, it will be some time before lovers will make use of the airship for eloping purposes.

The formal notification of candidates is a pretty custom, after all. It occupies the heated term, and gives the public all the politics that is needed during a period when the chief desire is to keep cool.

THE WRITER OF HYMNS.

The death of Ira D. Sankey has removed a man whose labor for good is not within the ability of any to measure. His life was consecrated to evangelism. When he surrendered at last, death found him still working at this task to which all except his earliest years had been devoted.

How many hymns Sankey composed is not known. But their circulation has been tremendous. Fifty million of his songs, it is said, have been published. There is hardly a written language into which they have not been translated. Their simple beauty, their appeal, their strange sweetness, have lifted the most indifferent of men and the most stoical of peoples to heights of exaltation. The measure of their power for conversion must have been something tremendous. When Moody preached and Sankey sang audiences of cowboys and rough miners fell to their knees. The repentance wrought by these two great evangelists set its mark upon many a community.

Judged by a high standard of music the hymns of Ira Sankey were not of exceptional merit. Some of the songs were loosely written and the composer was not a stickler for metre or rhyme. But he succeeded where perhaps a more skilled musician would have failed. His songs have all a wonderful movement, a strange, pure melody, that have a way of touching the heart. The least religious can call to mind stanzas of songs they learned as children. And it is this indelible quality which is part of their strength. They fastened themselves upon the memory as their tunefulness wrought a spell about the convert's soul. Sankey's music to Elizabeth Clephane's verses, The Ninety and Nine, has a wider history by far than the singer. Its sweeping harmony has filled many a church where the name of Sankey would awaken no sign of recognition. There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare;
Away from the tender Shepherd's care;
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

What stories of joy and pathos, of homesickness and penitence, of every emotion for good, are entwined about this noble hymn, the composer probably never guessed. His thought was always to the future. To his last few days, when he was blind and was tortured by an agony of flesh, he still was writing songs. His voice, they say, remained mellow and rich to the end.

Sankey has left behind him such achievement that the greatest might envy him the monument.

FEW BIRDS HARMFUL.

The department of agriculture, after a long investigation, is prepared to say that the farmer can count upon the fingers of his hands the birds which do him harm. And all the others, from eagles to humming birds, are his friends and his aids.

The movement for the protection of the birds has been mostly content to interest sympathy in the songsters, or those the plumage of which is pleasing to the eye. The Audubon societies were prepared to show the tiller of the soil that he was destroying his own fields when he killed the natural protectors of the growing crops. Now with the authority of the department of agriculture, concerned only in the interest of the farmer and little interested in aesthetics, these societies can carry their preachments further.

It appears that there are only about a half-dozen species of the hawks which subsist on birds. The name hen-hawk is actually a misnomer. The bird would starve to death if he were compelled to hunt his food in the poultry yards. The great horned owl lives mainly on birds. But all other hawks and all other owls are beneficial. They destroy rodents and insects. Rabbits and field mice have multiplied tremendously since the wider cultivation of the land in the United States. Every agent which can keep them down should be encouraged. The hawks and the owls, which are not destructive to poultry and to other birds that help the farmer, should be encouraged. Even the crow has something in his favor. While he does a lot of harm he does good which more than offsets it. The herons and the cranes, blamed for killing fish are busy hunters of rodents.

The robin and some of the thrushes are blamed for eating small fruits. This is their practice, but the bugs and cut-worms which they make away with ought to give them permission to eat a few cherries and strawberries. The sapsucker does do much injury and the orchard owner is told to shoot him, but is urged not to mistake other and useful birds for him. The bobolink holds a position actually balancing between good and bad. In the north he is a ravenous destroyer of insects. The farmers in this section cannot be too kind to him. But in the south he descends on the rice fields in flocks and the damage he does amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars every season. The English sparrow is a mischief maker, and has no business in the country. He drives valuable birds away, is an eater of seeds and a general nuisance.

The farmer fortunately is beginning to realize the utility of giving his protection. His influence is needed for standing off the hunters and the plumage sellers. A word from him and the birds will be guarded as they should be.

THE CIRCULAR EPOCH.

One can understand "Uncle Joe" Cannon's hostility to innovations after a glance at a single day's mail, now that the circular habit has come to afflict so many otherwise well-balanced citizens. It is always a demand for new legislation where, in the case of unofficial voters, it is not a request for aid in obtaining alteration of existing legislation.

It is easy to conceive how a person, as speaker of the house of representatives, must be deluged with this printed matter. Let us see what Monday brought:

The first letter was from one Paul de Longpre, who complained because America has no national art and blames it on congress. He asks that every senator and every congressman be compelled, through the club of the press, to say a good word for national art. In the opinion of M. de Longpre we would have this much to be desired within a few months.

Next, one is urged to shout for a national highways commission. The movement for good roads, it is declared, makes this support imperative. Perhaps it does, but the logic isn't clear. It sounds too much like that of the colored deacon who voted for a waterworks amendment on principle because he was a Baptist.

Then there is a plea for a "national bureau of the unemployed," the same to be supported by a "special progressive taxation upon swollen fortunes as hereinafter named." Looking down the schedules "hereinafter" you discover that on fortunes of $10,000,000 the rate of taxation "shall be 100 per cent, as all such vast accumulations are a crime against society and a menace to our integrity as a nation."

Amusement fades when one reaches for a little folder entitled "Death of Grover Cleveland a Crime." It seems that the ex-President was not as watchful as he should have been about eating. In the same envelope comes a criticism of our manner of putting our feet into leather boxes and suggesting the adoption of Mexican sandals as being more healthful.

As these samples run, so courses the mail day by day, week in and week out, until the gamut of human thought, and mostly its want of thought, is covered.

Then think of poor "Uncle Joe," who must receive tons of this sort of literature. It is a very wise man and kindly who could not become dulled, hardened by the insistent demands for new law, lots of it unnecessary, lots of it premature, more of it inadequate and some actually foolish and harmful.

TO STUDY THE FARMER.

President Roosevelt's appointment of a commission to study means by which the lot of the American farmer can be improved is further testimony of the executive's broad interest, and of his independence of precedent. He pronounces it of more importance to "double the desirability, the comfort and the standing of the farmer's life," than it is to double the average production of wheat per acre. No one will question the soundness of this view. It is advanced both as a rule of common sense and as a reflection of the knowledge of the conditions of living in the country.

There is a large question, however, if it will be within the power of congress to bring about any decided changes. It will strike the student of the times that the amelioration of the hardship which distresses the President is working out through private enterprise and through the discovery of better methods of labor and their application to practical life. Ten or twenty years have done wonders in this direction.

Consider the alterations wrought by the trolley systems now cobwebbing the land. They have made it easy for the farmer and his folk to travel easily to their markets and to their shopping in any sort of weather. Rain, snow, sleet, fog or blazing heat have no longer the influence on traffic that they once had. An accident, a sudden need for material, illness, they haven't the fraction of terror they once had on the countryside. The farmer can send for a new part of a reaper in the early morning and have it in hand by evening. The wife can order anything from salt to dress material and it is delivered within a few hours. The telephones are playing a large part in thus bringing the advantages of town to the farm house door.

The greater labor before the commission will be the problem of halting the tendency of the boys to flee from the farms. The rush for the big cities, in the opinion of many sociologists, is a threat to the fundamental prosperity of the nation. Many things are to blame for this, the fault, for the greater part, being the drudgery and the monotony. Both of these factors are, however, growing smaller every year. One of the incentives to quit the fields has been the literature with which the country has been flooded. There are the stories of the poor boy who came from the hedgerows and, in the course of time, became the owner of a fleet of steamships and endowed a university. The lives of our successful men have fired the ambitions of hundreds, for most of them are credited with having been born on the farm.

But the country boy who comes to town now meets with men who sigh for the soil, whose hearts are far from the ledger and the cash register. Someone said recently that there were more chicken raisers in the skyscrapers of New York than there were farmers in New Jersey. This yearning for the earth is very likely to affect the mind of the farm youngster, for sentiment runs in grooves. He will be counting the advantages he is sacrificing against those he hopes to attain and if, in the end, he is to come back to the land he may make up his mind that the sensible thing is to stay with it in his most useful days.

The survey will be watched for with more than interest. It will be a unique government publication. How its recommendations will be worked out is a problem over which many a congress may have to scratch its heads.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Sit you down and marvel at the wonders of the automobile. It is at once destructive and healing. Within its short length from stem to stern, or headlantern to license number, is the threat of mortal injury and the fount of youth. Considered from in front, it is an agent of death; from the rear, a renewer of life, a banisher of crutches and a stimulant to the growth of hair.

The rhetoric owes its being to the news which comes from England. A learned doctor, "whose anonymity is preserved" gives it out that the fumes from motor cars are the finest possible disinfectant, clearing the air of germs and impurities. He finds that the burnt carbonized matter is a splendid disinfectant and the creosote vapors are in reality a health tonic and bracer. The death rate last week was only 10 per 10,000 in the city of London, the best record in fifty years. So much for the view from the rear.

Now supposing you take a swift and safe glance at the forward end—but then "comparisons are odorous."

He is the same Mr. Bryan who ran in 1896 and 1900, about the only difference being a greater waist measurement.

One safe thing about a campaign phonograph is that it cannot put its foot in its mouth when it gets up to talk to the audience.

MORE STEPS FORWARD.

The gradual resumption of active operations in the steel trade is evidenced in the figures of the unfinished business upon the books of the underlying companies of the Steel Corporations.

On the first of July this amounted to 3,313,876 tons. In the following month 75,000 tons were added to these orders and the officers of the Corporation felt warranted in predicting an increase in the production until the normal level was reached. The increase came through the placing of contracts for structural steel, wire and wire products, steel bars and sheets principally, although nearly all lines showed improvement in July. August is counted upon to make a better showing than any month since the beginning of the depression.

At the same time news is brought that the Youngstown Sheet & Tube company is rushing work on the first of its new blast furnaces. This is an independent concern and is hastening construction in preparation for heavy business in the course of the fall and winter.

Inquiries have been made by the railroad companies looking toward the purchase of about 6,000 cars, the business representing something more than $6,000,000. It is apparent that the railway interests are looking forward to a decided improvement in trade. The number of empties, or cars unemployed, still remains large, but all will be needed for the movement of the crops in the autumn. Rails also are being purchased, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Boston & Maine roads having gone into the market. One order came from Harriman's line in Mexico, amounting to 28,000 tons of standard Bessemer.

These items are not to be thought trivial. They are straws to point the direction of the wind. Trade is slowly, but surely, getting back to its former activity. Confidence is renewed here and there and small ventures are made into the open. By fall, when the crops are hurrying to the seaboard, when industrial concerns are demanding cars, the days may be counted when all lines of business will be on their old prosperous footing. The panic will be a mile-post rapidly fading in the distance.

WRECKED BY SPECULATION.

The failure of the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills company, it is a pleasure to record, was in no part due to the late panic, or to the pursuing depression. Its business was all that could be expected, and the outlook was favorable in the extreme. Wall street had no hand in it, and the sun spots, once held guilty of causing Black Fridays, can in no wise be censured. The blame lies in the practice of the concern to speculate in grain.

When one reads of a wreck of this sort one wonders whether the advice of the wise carries very far from their neighborhood. John D. Rockefeller has never speculated and has always warned others from doing so. The political economists frown upon it and many go so far as to pronounce it criminal. And there are the constant examples in the newspapers, the suicide whose every penny had been put up for margins, the bank officer who stole funds with which to speculate, the procession of strong, clever men who have built up fortunes by speculation and lost them the same way. Why, just at present, they are talking in New York and New Orleans and Liverpool about a man scarcely more than thirty, who successfully engineered a cotton corner. Four years ago the gossip was about Daniel Sully, who recently went into bankruptcy. Just before him was Theodore Price, who went to smash to the amount of thirteen millions. The whole business is a game, and some time, soon or late, it gets the speculator. Then the case is for the receiver—or the coroner.

The Pillsbury failure stands out as one where the chances taken were a constant menace to the integrity of the company. Doubtless, many of the stockholders were ignorant of the custom. If so, they have a just grievance against the management. They have been made the victims of poor business gumption.

A MONTH OF FLAME.

More than $15,000,000 worth of property went up in flame and smoke in the United States and Canada in the thirty-one days of July—something near a half million dollars in every twenty-four hours. The New York Journal of Commerce has compiled a list of the fires of last month, remarking that though the record falls below that of July, 1907, it was still unusually heavy for this season of the year. Inexcusably heavy, it should have said, for any time of the year.

In all, the paper has succeeded in tabulating 309 fires, the most destructive being the loss of a railroad pier and elevator in Boston, the damage amounting to $1,500,000. A business block in Portland, Ore., was burned at a cost of $334,000.

The underwriters are in anything but an amiable mood because of the heavy losses they have suffered since New Year's. The fires have hit them particularly bad because they have occurred more than ordinarily among properties fully insured. If it were not for the increase in the value of securities several of the companies would feel distress. They have weathered things all right, however, yet are not the least anxious for further tests of their soundness.

There is surely a lesson in that heavy July loss. Fifteen millions is no small sum even in the way that big figures travel. It means money that has gone, value that has passed out forever. There is carelessness in construction, want of watchfulness and guarding; means of fighting fire are inadequate. In many cases, doubtless, the destruction is traceable to such apathy as prevails in Toledo. Other cities have permitted themselves to fall asleep, or deceived themselves with their sophistry, or put off until too late the work which should have been done today.

Yet there is no excuse for Toledo in the fact that like conditions exist elsewhere. The bursting of a single one of the city's thirty-year-old mains places the district about it in the gravest danger. With low pressure, lack of sufficient water and pipes bitten deep with rust and electrolytic pits, the business section of Toledo lies prepared to suffer such a frightful loss that the damage in the United States and Canada last month would seem a trifle beside it. The persons whose property is in the zone of peril realize it and so do a large percentage of the men whose livelihood is there. It is different at the city hall.

THE NEW COAL FIELDS.

A number of serious-minded men sit down from time to time and, with pencil and paper, figure out how soon the world is going to run short of wood and iron and coal and other things very necessary to the civilized human. The results of their calculations are nearly always disturbing. We never feel as if we can go on wasting raw material in the free-handed way that prevails. Some day, it is ever apparent, a halt must be called, and after that the earth-people will have to move slowly and cautiously. The unhappy future!

These visible supply tables would be more frightening, though, if there were not constant call for revision. About the time they are on the market some one discovers a new field, or an unexpected extension of old sources, or a mistake in the whole blessed arithmetic. Such a rearrangement is made necessary by the recent exploration of the coal lands of Alaska.

Tremendous tracts of fuel have been found by the members of the United States geological survey. Anthracite, bituminous, lignite and cannel coal exist in many parts of the territory, some of it so close to tidewater that it may be shot direct from the shaft house into the holds of steamers. The chief geologist says he has observed "swells" in seams that were sixty feet of solid coal. Here is his opinion of the fields, offered carefully, as is the custom of scientific men:

The mineral coal in the ground in Alaska has not yet been definitely estimated, and, whatever estimates are made, for some years to come will doubtless be subject to wide expansion as further geological explorations are carried forward, but it is proper to say that the coal resources of the territory are very great, and that they will be figured in hundreds of millions and even billions of tons.

When you remember the daily discoveries of new mineral wealth in Alaska, the fact that the exploration has only been superficial, that the country, in fact, is all but an unopened book, the professor's guess will seem to lack imaginative powers.

EDISON AVIATOR.

The news that Thomas A. Edison was interesting himself in the difficulties of flying machine construction was bound to be received with cheers. The wonder now is that he kept away from the enticements of aviation so long, seeing that the field was so altogether fresh and untrampled. It ought to have appealed to his taste for tough problems.

Characteristically, in his first dip—or should it be flight?—into aeronautics, he brought up something of merit. The aeroplane inventors have had to put bicycle wheels, or runners, under their machines in order to get a start along the ground and there has been talk about long elevated platforms. But the wizard of East Orange pushes this business aside at his beginning. He produces a scheme by which the airship lifts itself straight upward and then scoots away at its pleasure and convenience. This is the Edison way. He makes big obstructions look like mole-hills.

With Prof. Graham Bell working out formulae and the abstruse scientific, and Edison handling the monkey wrench, it won't be long until airships will be as plentiful as automobiles and fully as dangerous.

TOADSTOOL DEATH LISTS.

Statistics are unfortunately wanting as to the annual victims of toadstools. There is really no telling how many persons suffer illness from eating these poisonous fungi and how often the sickness is ended with death.

There are many kinds of edible mushroom, far more than ever appear in the groceries, or upon the tables of any except the initiated. But the number which are not fit for food and those which are violent toxins run into the thousands. Only a few persons are competent to distinguish all of these, and in a recent case it appears that the family of a faddist in fungi was poisoned by the plants which he himself had gathered. The line between the good and the bad is often very slightly marked. Anyone might be deceived. The cantarelle ciberius and the golden cantarelle, for example, are exactly like one another except in the matter of color. Yet one is excellent food and the other has been known to cause death. Occasionally, it has been found, the conditions under which the fungi grow will alter the character of edible mushroom so that it is highly injurious to human beings.

The lesson to be derived from these news items is that it is unsafe to experiment with the scarce or little known varieties. A slight mistake may bring home a kind as poisonous as arsenic. There are books which describe the mushrooms and the toadstools and attempt to teach a skill in selecting the one and avoiding the other. But they are unsafe. The best way is to trust to the expert, or better still to the gardener. The mushroom which gets into the market can always be relied upon, even though it may lack all the good qualities which persons familiar with the woods say that other species have. It is tried and true. It has neither a mortuary list, nor a hospital record.

Still, every summer will doubtless report the garnering of new victims to toadstools. There are always some persons with a taste for giving a thing a trial. A warning will never reach them. The hope is that the others and the innocent victims may escape.

Maybe the weather has a bad effect on President Castro, of Venezuela. Some men can't be sweet-tempered with their undershirts sticking to them.

Democratic newspapers of the south are complaining of the slowness with which campaign subscriptions are coming in. If the dear people don't shell out more readily Mr. Bryan may cease to love them with all his soul.

FRANCE AND OUR PANIC.

The depression in America has had far reaching effect, but no one might have guessed that it would cause a revival of interest in agriculture in France. Yet it has. It was in this wise.

The soil of France has suffered because of depopulation. The cities have been growing at the expense of the countryside. Entire sections have been abandoned. In rich valleys such as those in Auverne, the fertile plains in Normandy, east and west, there are tracts which have not felt the plow for years. Paris has drawn immense numbers of the farm people. They have preferred keeping little shops, waiting in restaurants, performing the hard labor where native strength is necessary, rather than to till the land. Now Paris is dependant to a great degree upon the money brought to it by the tourists. It never realized how much so until this summer. The number of visitors from America has fallen off sixty per cent. And the result is:

Many hotels and restaurants are closed.

The wine quays haven't been so idle for many years.

The merchants have been compelled to dismiss many employes.

Local enterprise has been halted and factories put on running time of a few hours a week.

Hundreds of persons who came from the country are out of work and while their savings are still with them are seeking homes, or employment, in the rural districts.

France should send us its thanks engraved upon a sheet of gold.

THE BRYAN ACCEPTANCE.

The character of Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance is best described as Bryanesque. He has never delivered any address which was more typical of the man. His most earnest advocates will find difficulty in discovering either anything new or anything expressed in a fresh manner.

The clue to the speech is the want of policy. He has nothing to shout for except the awful things of which the opposing party is guilty. It gives his acceptance a tone of gray: It is as colorless as lithia water. It suggests a flabby handshake. Bryan has strength and vim and eloquence and poetry when he has something vital to advocate, but this year he is lacking entirely in the material with which to go ghost dancing.

When Mr. Bryan prepared his acceptance, he took the easiest path of those which stretched before him. He might have chosen to confine himself to an elaborate approbation of his party's platform. He might have presented, with the acknowledged skill which is his, the plans for which he has pledged his support. He might have plead, indeed, for an opportunity to display his statecraft, since this speech will probably be read more than any other he will make during the campaign. But he chose the way which, to him, is the easiest way, an attack upon Mr. Taft for allying himself with the Republican party. "Shall the representatives of predatory wealth prey upon a defenseless public, while the offenders secure immunity from subservient officials whom they raise to power by unscrupulous methods?" he asks. Memory goes back to the summer of '96 when Mr. Bryan stood upon a platform and waved his arms and stampeded a convention to him by declaring that the "people shall not be crucified upon a cross of gold." It is the same bad metaphor translated to pull in the catch phrases of this period, the same appeal to prejudice and with as little justice to bolster it. To read the speech at Fairview is to renew acquaintance with the days when the free and unlimited coinage of silver was the paramount issue, when the crushing of imperialism and militarism were of foremost importance in the view of the Nebraskan. He has no more than resurrected 1896 and 1900 and togged them out in the motley garments his party has managed to piece together for the present contest.

With all due respect to Mr. Bryan as a man and a good citizen, he but clinches the conviction that he is unfit for the office his heart pants for. He represents nothing except an opposition. He is no more than a symbol of negation.

LIPTON THE LION-HEARTED.

There is something inspiring in the hopefulness of Sir Thomas Lipton. Defeat has fallen upon his spirit like rainwater upon the back of a duck, only to roll off without chilling or harming it. The fact that his yachts have been outclassed, you might say with frequency, by American boats, has had no more effect upon his courage than the loss of his profit upon a pound of tea.

Sir Thomas is waiting for an intimation that his challenge will be accepted if he issues one. It has been a long time coming, and, it may be, it won't reach him at all. Matters are not of the cheerfulest among the yachtsmen on this side who have, in the past, furnished the funds for building a vessel. Their incomes, for the most part, are dependant on conditions in Wall street and, though values are climbing, that section is not yet in its spending mood. So it is possible the Lipton challenge will go unanswered.

But, whether the race is pulled off or not, the world has had the enjoyment of viewing an enthusiasm and a confidence which are fixed quantities. Giant powder might have difficulty in shaking it loose.

HOLDING SKYSCRAPERS DOWN.

There is a limit to the height which the steel buildings may mount toward the heavens. It is one not fixed by the ground rents, or the weight which metal and brick and stone will stand, as you might guess. The money which promoters, or insurance companies, can produce has nothing to do with the case.

After an experience of many years, the managers of buildings throughout the country have come to the conclusion that skyscrapers of more than twenty stories cannot be operated at a profit. A convention was held in Chicago the other day. Delegates attended from all the larger cities in the United States. A consulting engineer made some astonishing disclosures—at least surprising to persons who have neither stock in office structures nor are concerned in their running. He said that the height of a building was regulated by the elevator service and that in buildings of more than twenty floors the space necessary for elevators to take care of the patrons in case of panic was too great to make them profitable. The delegates agreed with him.

The first skyscraper was an experiment. It was an attempt made by a speculative property-owner to utilize a very narrow lot in a most expensive district. He had no idea where his little flight of imagination would lead. And experiment has been going on ever since. Monoliths have climbed nearer and nearer to the clouds. In Manhattan alone are eighteen buildings with a greater height than twenty stories. The Singer building had no more than reached its apex of forty-one floors when the Metropolitan distanced it by five, and now the Equitable Assurance society is planning a climb to sixty-two stories, as high as the Eiffel tower. Figuring on the strength of the materials, the Scientific American estimated that skyscrapers could keep on growing until they reached 2,000 feet and would still be within the line of safety. This competition has stimulated the fancy of capitalists. There was something fine in the thought that your group had gone so far into the ether that a neighbor would have to double itself to touch the tip of your flagstaff.

But the cold figures of profit and loss have been accumulating. They are proverbial wet blankets. In the case of the skyscraper erection they are threatening to act as reducing agents. They will, at least, serve to hold the financial poet of the future on a plane near er earth. The Singer and the Metropolitan and the Equitable buildings are likely to be pointed out as horrible examples in investment as well as in architecture.

LOOK TO THE WEST.

The west was the last to feel the blow of the panic. It is the first to get on its feet. The east must keep its eyes in that direction if it is interested in welcoming prosperity on the occasion of its return.

The L. Schepp company, handlers of cocoanut, has been sounding the grocery, biscuit and confectionery business on the outlook, obtaining estimates at the same time of the injuries received during the course of the depression.

In the states of Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine the falling off in staples was from 7½ per cent to 10¾ per cent, luxuries from 16 to 17½ per cent.

The states south of the Pennsylvania and Ohio lines suffered a drop of 9½ to 11 per cent in staples and 15½ to 18½ per cent in luxuries.

The middle west, as far as the Mississippi, reported that sales of staples had decreased from 9 to 10½ per cent, luxuries from 15 to 18 per cent.

With the exception of Texas, the west from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast was discovered to be doing a normal business. The average returns show an improvement of 2½ per cent in staple grocery articles and a falling off of about 7 per cent in luxuries. At the same time new territory has been opened up which has brightened the prospects of wholesalers throughout the section

In parts of the middle west the retailers announced that they were doing better than last year.

The company, after a consideraton of the data in its hands, concludes:

Reports from the far west are very encouraging, also somewhat so for the middle states. The eastern and southern states do not yet show so much encouragement, but they show improvement, and the business people in the south and east have cause to be very hopeful.

We draw attention to the fact that where trade has fallen off mostly has been in the manufacturing centers of the eastern states and some of the southern states, and that in the agricultural centers, especially in the far west, where crops have been abundant in the last few years, business has recuperated wonderfully compared with the eastern and southern states.

The east can get ready to be grateful to the west. It has become more and more dependent on it with every year for its living and its happiness. In the present crisis it will owe it for setting the hum of industry to humming its most jubilant.

PAN-ISLAMISM.

The victory for the Young Turk agitators has given them wings. They are soaring, delighted with their freedom and ambitious to fly to higher and unknown planes. Their flight is no mean one. It may bring about the elimination of a border, the death of one tyrant, possibly two, and the entrance of a new and menacing proposition into the diplomacy of Europe.

The Young Turks have adopted a catch-term, Pan-Islamism. There is more than religious sentiment in the word. It means no less than the union of all the Mohammedan peoples under the Ottoman constitution. The agitators have gone eastward for their first recruits to this cause, seeking to obtain the alliance of the constitutionalists of Persia. It is a most promising territory, for the anti-royalist movement is strong in the dominion of the shah. The rebels will be eager to add to their strength, and, unless the new ruler of Persia succeeds in bringing the sultan to his aid, a new union appears an early possibility.

Should a talent for organization develop among the reform element in Turkey, something greater than a determined co-operative opposition to the ruling house, the powers are very likely to hear disquieting things from the Levant. Arabia, though nominally under the control of Turkey, is actually a land of independent tribes and cities. The Young Turk party will gain much if it can obtain concerted action from these nomads and masterless towns, for beyond lies Egypt.

England has had reason to be distrustful of the anti-foreign sentiment in Egypt. When Lord Cromer first became the chief advisor to the khedive in name and the representative of Great Britain, in fact, his methods were of the mildest. He took a paternal interest in the people, seemed fond of their institutions and sympathetic toward their groaning poverty and oppressions. Twenty years changed his position. One of the last acts before his retirement was to bring about a fearful retaliation for the murder of English officers. He was quoted as stating that British domination in Egypt was waning, that the right firebrand might set the land aflame. This torch may be the one which the Young Turk is bearing.

And after Egypt is the northern coast of Africa and the Sahara and the scattered, but still ferocious, bands, which once acknowledged the Mad Mullah as king and agent of God.

Pan-Islam may prove not only a catch phrase, but a war cry.

VARIETIES

A. R. Spofford, for thirty-three years chief librarian of congress, dies.

New York city has an average of one and one-half million visitors each week.

England's birth rate is twenty-eight to the 1,000.

Turkey imports nearly $2,000,000 worth of paper of all kinds each year.

Pennsylvania man with wife and children walks all the way to Pontiac, Ill., in vain hunt for work.

Thomas E. Edison plans a flying machine which Henry Farman says is better than his.

Socialism is denounced at the closing session of the American Federation of Catholic societies in Boston.

The total trade of the Philippine Islands last year was: Imports, $30,458,510; exports, $33,097,867.

Sumner says the Oklahoma land grab already involving 4,000 defendants, including a United States senator, is likely to cause a big scandal.

Attorney General Sims' petition for a rehearing in the $29,000,000 Standard Oil case is now being examined by Attorney Bonaparte in Washington.

Harry K. Thaw is formally adjudged a bankrupt in Pittsburg and a move is suspected to have the Pennsylvania courts pass on his sanity.

General Daniel H. Rucker, U. S. A., retired, of Washington, passes the age of 80 and is shocked when told by a life insurance company of official death.

Better understanding between Britain, Germany and Austria is looked for as the result of the visit of King Edward to the kaiser and Francis Joseph.

Within sight of Hampton, Va., there are about 4,500 acres of oyster beds under cultivation, and three Hampton dealers ship off more than 300,000 gallons of oysters yearly.

What are declared by experts to be practically inexhaustible layers of asphalt have been discovered in Syria, twenty-five miles from the port of Latakia, on the road leading toward Aleppo.

Methodists at Seattle will build a large institutional church for the Japanese of that city, preferably installing as pastor the Rev. S. Yoshiokl, the preacher at the First Methodist church.

A company is now being organized in Germany with a preliminary capital of $125,000 to establish a line of passenger airships between the principal capitals of Europe, backed by the Krupps and other leading bankers.

A scientist has found microbes of various kinds in seventy-seven samples of ink—red, blue and black—supplied to schools, and some of the microbes were deadly enough to kill mice inoculated with them.

The Forestry department has been conducting experiments with the hope of finding some commercial manner of making use of the white fir which is found on the Pacific coast in great quantities. Very little of it has been cut.

With trees bending under the burden of the heaviest crop in years—perhaps the greatest in the history of the state—the harvest of apricots in California is at its height. It is estimated that the green crop will total 120,000 tons and that the return to growers will be $1,250,000.

Parts of Oklahoma are being prospected and mineral deposits in various districts show that gold, silver and copper are likely to be found in large quantities. Asphalt is also being found and this latter mining is likely to be started immediately.

Arkansas claims to have the largest peach orchard in the world and 1,000 men and 300 teams are harvesting the crop. The orchard is in Sevier county and has 200,000 trees. It covers 1,000 acres and 2,000 acres are bearing. Two hundred freight cars will be used to haul the crop to market.

It is comparatively estimated that the area of first-class timber in Mexico comprises from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 acres. The heaviest stumpage of pine and oak is found in the state of Chihuahua, Durango, Jalisco, Michoacan and Guerrero. The best timber is still more or less remote from transportation.

The Drago or Calvo doctrine is that private claims of foreigners against American countries shall not be collected by force. The doctrine was enunciated by eminent citizens of Argentina, and Secretary Root practically claimed at one of the banquets given him at Buenos Ayres the adherence of this country to the doctrine.

The caissons for the foundation work of the Singer tower were sunk to bed rock through nearly seventy feet of quicksand, and the pillars incased in cement were in that way adjusted to the fundamental rock, over six of them having thus been placed within three months after the caissons were first sunk.

Aluminum is now compounded with magnesium to form magnalium, a new alloy, which is almost unaffected by damp air, water, gaseous ammonia, carbonic acid and most organic acids. It can be cast in the liquid condition like pure aluminum, and the castings can be machined, acquiring a smooth mirror-like surface.

A Kansas woman, whose husband has been in the habit of sleeping late on Sunday mornings, adopted the plan of preparing something particularly pleasing to eat for the Sunday morning breakfast. The plan worked all right for a time, but now the husband has contracted the habit of eating Sunday breakfast in his pajamas and then going back to bed.

The Countess Maria von Linden, Ph. D., of Bonn University, who has been engaged for some time in research and experimental work on the subject of the endurance of hunger among butterflies, is about to publish the result of her efforts. The countess has found that a butterfly can live for several days without food, losing during that period two-thirds of its normal weight.

Fifteen thousand pictures are now on exhibition in the two great salons in Paris. These represent about three acres of canvas. The total length of the pictures without their frames would be nearly ten miles. Reckoning one minute to look at every picture, without taking any rest by day or night, it would take ten days and ten hours to see every picture in the two salons.

According to The Electrician, the committee appointed in connection with the building of the Russian navy has decided to utilize the public contributions which have been subscribed for the purpose of rebuilding the warships in establishing wireless telegraph stations at eighteen points on the Baltic coast line. Orders, it is said, have already been given for the equipments.

After several years of consideration the authorities have established a school of journalism at the University of Missouri. The first dean is Mr. Walter Williams, former president of the National Editorial association. The school will issue a small daily newspaper for practical training. In addition, there will be courses in newspaper jurisprudence, political history, economics and literature.

The total cost of the buildings erected in the principal cities of the United States in 1907 was $961,076,286, a net decrease of $17,634,083 from the figures of 1906, but an increase over those for the previous year. The unit cost of building, however, increased in the last year, for there were some 184,055 permits issued in 1907, as against 181,174 in 1906. In the cities showing a decrease in building New York takes the lead, with a falling off of $41,591,382, or 26.84 per cent.

Experiments in the domestication and training of elephants in the Congo Free State indicate that they can be used to advantage for porterage work in regions where the opening up of the country is most difficult because of lack of transportation facilities. Contrary to the general belief that Central African elephants could not be tamed and made to perform the same service as their Asiatic fellows in India, a bulletin issued by the Congo government announces the complete success of experiments conducted at an "elephant farm" at Api.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Buda-Pesth in the person of Gen. Stephen Turr, one of the bravest of the revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Oma Pasha's army against Russia, and finally received a commission in the British transport service.

Tomatoes are imported in increasing quantities into England from Italy. The quality of these tomatoes is stated to be good and the prices low. Large quantities of canned tomatoes are also shipped now each season from Italy to the eastern part of the United States, and the American shipments to Italy are much smaller than formerly. It is suggested by one of the leading importers in Liverpool that the American tomatoes are frequently packed before they are fully rip

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2526—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with Plastron Front. Many women prefer to wear the waists of heavy linen all during the season, and for these this is an extremely stylish model, which may be hand embroidered in heavy silk floss. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2181—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. Closed at Left Side of Front. An excellent model for any of the soft woolen or flannel materials or checked or plain linen, chambray or Madras, with ruffle of the same or a contrasting material and shade. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2182—Girls' Dress, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves and a Removable Chemisette. Dotted challis, lawn, muslin, cashmere, voile, or, in fact, any material that suits the wearer's wishes, are adaptable for this model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2320—Girl's Coat, with Kimono Armholes. A suitable pattern for broadcloth, lady's cloth, Venetian cloth, serge or corduroy. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2505—Misses' One-Piece Box-Plaited Skirt, with Straight Lower Edge. This model is particularly adaptable to bordered materials, and, in serge, mohair, broadcloth or Venetian cloth it is extremely good style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2516—Ladies' Sixteen-Gored Circular Skirt, Closing with Buttons Down the Front and Having an Inverted Box-Plait at Center of Back. A model which will be much used for the general knockabout skirt during the coming winter. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2300—Girls' Apron. Checked or plain gingham, linen in natural color or tan, batiste, Persian or Victoria lawn, muslin or nainsook, trimmed with heavy embroidery or fine lace may all be used to advantage for the apron of the growing girl this season. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2238—Boys' Pajamas with Standing Band or Rolling Collar. Striped silk, or linen, Madras or gingham, flannel or flannelette are all used for these garments. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2010—Ladies' Eton Jacket, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. For the early autumn, made up in cheviot, serge, covert cloth or tweed, there is no better or more useful model than the one illustrated. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2500—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, having sleeves in full length with link cuffs or in seven-eighths length with roll-up cuffs. For the strictly tailor-made waist of linen, chambray, duck or Madras there is no better or more stylish model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2371—Ladies' Jumper, with guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. Both the jumper and guimpe may be developed in the same material, or in different materials, according to taste. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2509—Girls' and Child's Apron. Tan or natural colored linen may be used for this model, or the ever-popular Persian or Victoria lawn, bastiste or nainsook are equally adaptable. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2537—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Dress, with three-quarter sleeves. Any of the fancy woolen materials, as well as shepherd's plaid, challis, mohair or serge are suitable for this model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2522—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Flare Skirt, with a double box-plait at front and an inverted box-plait at centre-back seam. A model that will be much used for the walking skirt during the coming season, trimmed with a bias band of silk in the same or a contrasting shade. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2156—Ladies' Gored-Circular Skirt, woth or without centre-front seam and in round or ankle length. Made up in striped or checked worsted cut on the bias this is an extremely stylish model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2539—Ladies' One-Piece Circular Open Drawers, with Plaits or Slight Fullness at back. These garments are made up in nainsook, Persian lawn, jaconet or thin cambric and trimmed with a ruffle of lace or embroidery, headed by an insertion of similar lace or embroidery. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2504—Ladies' One-Piece Corset-Cover, with or without Shield Sleeves and Peplum. Specially desirous for flouncings. If not made of the latter material, nainsook, Persian lawn or cambric are all adaptable to this pattern. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1903—Misses' Sailor Blouse, Slipped on over the Head, with removable Shield and with or without Yoke-Facing. White duck or Indian-head cotton, or dark blue flannel or serge, are all used for these jaunty little garments, which are particularly useful and becoming for the growing girl. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1974—Child's Plaited One-Piece Dress, with or without Epaulets. A pretty and simple little from for everyday wear, developed in any of the new materials and equally adaptable to all wash goods. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2511—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, in "Gibson" Style, with High or Dutch Neck, Long or Three-Quarter Sleeves and an Attached Five-Gored Skirt. Suitable materials for this dress are fine lawn or mull, silk, cashmere, nuns' velling or serge. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2506—Ladies' Jumper Dress, with an Attached One-Piece Skirt Having Straight Lower Edge, and a Separate Guimpe Having Ruffled Sleeves. Foulard or any of the bordered silks or cloth materials are suitable for this model, worn over a guimpe of lace, silk or mull. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2509—Girls' Dress, with Plaited Skirt. Though this is an exceptionally good model for the coming autumn and winter developed in any of the pretty woolen materials, it is also adaptable to many of the washable materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2522—Ladies' Tucked Double-Breasted Shirtwaist. One of the best models for flannel, cashmere, duck, linen, Persian lawn or Madras. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1974—Girls' Box-Planted Dress, with Low-Necked Yoke and Elbow Sleeves. A simply constructed little frock which is particularly suitable for any of the autumn materials appropriate for school wear, and it may be worn over a guimpe of linen or lawn if desired. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

MOB VIOLENCE SPREADS

Five Now Dead at Springfield, But Troops Have Situation Under Control.

HELPED AT LYNCHING, NOW FEARS INSANITY.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 17.—"I am one of those who helped to lynch William Donegan at Springfield, and I believe I am going insane," was the statement of Charles Gadwin at the office of the superintendent of the Bartonville asylum last night. "We stamped him in the face; we cut his throat, and then put a rope around his neck. That's what it took to kill him."

Gadwin said that he was formerly a member of the Third United States volunteers in the Philippines and had a sister at the asylum.

He was placed under guard.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 17.—With nearly the entire force of the Illinois national guard in control today, Springfield again is ruled by law and order. Fifty-five hundred armed soldiers patrol the streets, and the fever for blood has abated, temporarily at least, among the wild element which ruled the state capital for 48 hours. There has been comparatively little disturbance since the infantry from Chicago swept through the streets yesterday.

Springfield today entered upon the second stage of riot history—the investigation of outrages and the arrest of the guilty. A special grand jury was summoned this morning by Judge James A. Creighton of the Sangamon county circut court as the result of a conference held yesterday afternoon between Gov. Charles D. Deneen and State's Attorney Frank Hatch. Both of these officials were of the strong opinion that this step should be taken.

The grand jury will be held in session so long as the mob violence is threatened. Evidence will be submitted to the body from day to day by officers and soldiers and indictments returned as soon as a case is made against an individual.

With the death yesterday of William Donegan, the aged negro who was lynched Saturday night, and Frank Dilmire, a white man who was shot while watching the rioting, the list of known dead was increased to five. Eight more are not expected to recover and the unknown list is still figured at 15.

In Deepest Sorrow.

Springfield is steeped in the deepest sorrow. The capital of Illinois well and truly realizes the sadness of her estate, but she has determined to take the most vigorous steps to reassert justice and order.

A careful estimate places the number of negroes who have left Springfield since the beginning of the race war at 2,000. Of this number nearly three-fourths have gone out of the county on railroads and interurban lines. The rest have gone by wagon and on foot and are located in the rural districts.

The great mass of the scurrying blacks are still within the state. Some have gone to Missouri, Kentucky, Indiana, and a few to the south. Some are known to have gone as far past the Mason and Dixon line as Louisiana. There are still many negroes left in Springfield, but of these there are many who are planning to go at the first opportunity.

Mob Is Gathering.

Pensacola, Fla., Aug. 17.—Preparations are being made by a mob that has gathered to take a negro prisoner from Sheriff Van Pelt, should the man, who is being brought to the city, be identified as the assailant of Mrs. Edward Moclair.

A negro last Thursday assaulted Mrs. Moclair, and since then there has been intense excitement in the city. This morning the sheriff said that he had the right man under arrest and that he would be brought to Pensacola for identification. The mob declared its intention to take the man away from the sheriff should the identification be made. The officer has sent warning that he will not give up the man without a fight.

Bloodhounds On Trail.

Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 17.—Bloodhounds have been sent from here to Burton, La., where a posse is in pursuit of a negro who attempted to criminally assault an 18-year-old white girl. If captured the negro will probably be lynched.

Rescued From Mob.

Huntington, L. I., Aug. 17.—A negro who late yesterday afternoon attacked a white woman resident of this place, is under heavy guard in the lockup, after having been rescued by deputies from a crowd of angry citizens. Threats of violence were frequent during the evening as the news of the assault spread, and shortly after a mob of fifty men battered in the front door of the jail with a railroad tie and attempted to remove the prisoner. The attacking party found itself confronted by two deputies with guns, however, and after a parley withdrew. It is feared the attack will be renewed.

Told to Arm Themselves.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Five hundred members of the congregation of Quinn chapel, a leading negro church, yesterday were told by their pastor, Rev. D. P. Roberts, to arm themselves and be prepared to defend their homes in the event of an outbreak here similar that at Springfield.

BEST BOGUS BILLS IN QUARTER CENTURY.

Washington, Aug. 12.—That bad currency of remarkably clever execution is being circulated in Texas, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi, is the warning sent out by Chief Wilkie, of the secret service.

"National bank notes of the denomination of $5," said Chief Wilkie, "have been raised to $20 and are being circulated freely. The work is the best that we have seen since Pete McCartney, a quarter of a century ago, fooled the public with his clever bill-raising tricks."

Women Pray For Resurrection of Physician, Dead Two Days

Philadelphia, Aug. 13.—L. Emerson Wheat, a physician aged 45 years, was found dead in his home at 19th and Diamond streets, on one of the most pretentious residential sections of the city yesterday under startling circumstances. Beside the body, which lay half dressed upon a couch, two women were found by the police praying for his resurrection and muttering strange incantations, though physicians say the man had been dead at least 48 hours.

Mrs. Fannie Soult, a professed spiritualist, and Miss Florence Beckman, who were arrested by the police, were the women.

Dr. Wheat, who was well known in the northern section of the city had been living alone in his home during the absence of his family in the country for the summer. He was last seen alive on Saturday when he called at a drugstore in the neighborhood. In consequence of his having failed to make certain visits the police were asked to investigate.

The police took the woman to the stationhouse, where Mrs. Soult made a statement that she had known Dr. Wheat for about seven years and that since last April she had been treating him by giving magnetic treatment.

On Sunday last she said, the physician came to her house and asked her to come to his home because he felt as though something was going to happen. When she went to his office, Dr. Wheat was seriously ill. He could not say what he wanted. She worked over him until morning, when she got a message from her spiritual controller, Dr. Miller.

At the time the police came in she was waiting for him to instruct her as to what she should next do. Dr. Miller whom she refers to as her spiritual controller, died about two years ago.

Portugal Finds Case of Bombs, Also Rifles; Suspects Something

Lisbon, Aug. 11.—The insistent rumors that the revolutionary propaganda is taking a firmer grip in this country and needs only a master hand to bring about a crisis are given importance by the discovery there has been heavy smuggling into teh country of arms and bombs.

The government's efforts to locate the contraband have been largely unsuccessful, though today's raids brought to light 100 revolvers and 50 rifles in houses in the suburbs of Lisbon.

A suspicious packing case arrived yesterday from Barcelona and was opened outside of Lisbon. It was found to be filled with bombs.

MANY DROWNINGS

Three Die When Launch Is Run Down by Pleasure Barge.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Three persons were drowned in the Niagara river yesterday when a motorboat, loaded to the rails, was run down by a pleasure barge.

Mrs. William Pagets, Mrs. Charlotte Meyers and Raymond Pagets, a ten-year-old lad, were drowned. Eveline Pagets, a ten-year-old girl, saved herself by grasping the loose end of a line and pulling herself hand over hand aboard the barge, without touching the water. Three others in the motorboat were picked up by passing craft.

Henry Schauss, at the wheel of the motorboat, thought he could pass under the bow of the barge. When it was too late he tried to turn and was run down.

Four at New York.

New Yor, Aug. 17.—The overturning of a small rowboat off Ellis Island yesterday caused the death by drowning of John Boydano, 28, of Fall River Mass., and John Starboro, of the same age, of this city.

The Sunday list of deaths by drowning was further increased by those of Patrick Somer, captain of a canal barge, in the East River, and of John Glison, of Newark, who were bathing at Belmar, N. J.

Three Girls Drown.

Grand Isle, Vt., Aug. 17.—Three young women who were staying near Adams Landing were drowned yesterday while bathing in Lake Champlain. They were: Miss Lucy Perry and Miss Sarah Disasway, both of Plattsburg N. Y., and Miss Elizabeth Disasway, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a cousin of Sarah Disasway.

The young women were in the water together when one of them stepped into a deep hole. The other two started to her assistance, but also stepped into deep water and all went down, none of them being able to swim. The bodies were recovered.

Two Bathers Die.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 17.—Clarence Dutton, 25, and Nellie Nickerson, 20, both of Chester, Pa., were drowned yesterday at Bowers Beach, a summer resort on Delaware bay, a few miles below this city. They had gone in bathing and were carried beyond their depth by the treacherous current at this point. The bodies have not been recovered.

TO FISH NEAR TOLEDO

Candidate to Spend Week as Guest of Middle Bass Club.

Hot Springs, Va., Aug. 17.—Candidate Taft and party will leave Virginia Hot Springs Friday, August 28, for a week's fishing at Lake Erie, at the end of which he will go to Cincinnati, September 5 or 6, to remain until election day. The announcement of the itinerary which is to conclude the candidate's pre-campaign vacation was made today. Mr. and Mrs. Taft will be the guests of the Middle Bass club, the headquarters of which are on Middle Bass island, a short distance out in Lake Erie from Put-in Bay.

Entertained Presidents.

The club claims distinction for having entertained President Hayes and President Harrison, and being the host on a number of occasions of President Cleveland.

The visit of the Taft party was arranged by Charles T. Lewis, of Toledo, president of the club, and Representative J. Warren Keifer, member of the club. Mr. Taft is fond of fishing and has been induced to believe that the change for a week from the mountains to the lake will put just the proper edge on his condition for fitness for the front porch work he is to do in his native city.

Attorney Charles T. Lewis, on whose invitation Mr. Taft will visit the Middle Bass fishing club's island, said this morning:

"I don't know what sort of a fisherman Mr. Taft is, but no matter how good he may be he won't get much of a chance with the rod and reel, because most of the fishing about the island is worked out in May. In the summer the club is simply a private family resort, where members and their guests can recuperate.

"But if he can't fish, Mr. Taft will be afforded ample oportunity to test his muscle with some of the strenuous members of the club. I have no doubt but that they will keep him in excellent physical condition and turn him from the island in the best of shape for his campaign."

Date Not Fixed.

Mr. Lewis said that Mr. Taft would spend the week of the latter part of August and the first of September on the island. The date of his arrival there, he said, had not yet been fixed. Mrs. Taft will accompany him.

Walter F. Brown, chairman of the Republican state central committee, is a member of the Middle Bass club and spends a large portion of his time on the island in the summer. Mr. Lewis, however, said that politics will be a thing unknown on Middle Bass while Mr. Taft is there.

BANDITS HOLD UP TRAIN

Bold Robbery Occurs Near Spokane, Wish.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 15.—Bandits held up the Northern Pacific westbound passenger train last night near Trent, nine miles east of Spokane, drove out the enginemen, uncoupled the mail car and locomotive from the rest of the train, and then themselves ran the engine and car to Yardley.

A special train with officers went to the scene. It is not yet known whether the robbers got away with much loot.

LA FOLLETTE LIKES BRYAN

But Wisconsin Senator Denies He Is a Democrat.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 13.—Before a big audience at the Epworth League assembly last night, Senator Robert M. La Follette expressed his admiration and friendship for William J. Bryan, while insisting that he himself was a Republican. The fight against the railroads to secure lower rates and no discriminations, he said, had been started back in the 70s by Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. These policies, he added, were not the product of the minds of either Bryan or Roosevelt. A man in the audience accused La Follette of being a Democrat, but he denied it.

The senator spoke for some time about the Aldrich-Vreeland currency act, which he denounced as vicious.

DEMOCRATIC CONFERENCE

Plan Details of Campaign in Middle West.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Conferences looking to the perfection of detailed plans for the campaign in the middle west were held throughout the day by Chairman Mack, with heads of the various bureaus of the Democratic national committee, and prominent Democrats who called at headquarters. Former Governor Alexander Dockery and Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, were early visitors. They brought hopeful predictions of Democratic successes inMississippi valley states to Chairman Mack.

During the day Mr. Mack, former Governor Dockery and Congressman Clark, together with Colonel Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis, head of the committee of finance, discussed at some length the raising of funds for prosecuting the campaign in Missouri and contiguous territory.

TRACK ALLEGED SHARPERS

New York-Pittsburg Police Try to Break Up Gang.

New York, Aug. 13.—Believing they are on the track of a band of alleged sharpers who have reaped a harvest of more than quarter of a million dollars from rich Pittsburgers by crooked gambling devices the police of this city and of Pittsburg have renewed their efforts to break up the gang. Two arrests, thought to be of great importance, were made.

M. B. Moxley, of Pittsburg, caused the arrest last night of Moses Phillips, a former chef in one of the prominent clubs here. Phillips is charged with being a common gambler.

Headquarters of the gang are said to be in this city in a luxuriously furnished mansion in the exclusive residential section of the upper west side.

GET AFTER CANNON

Methodists Would Have a Voice in Selection of Next Speaker.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 13.—The Methodist church has begun a crusade for the election of a speaker "who will allow congress to vote on the interstate liquor shipment bill." The church, which has over 3,000,000 of communicants, has created the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, with authority to represent the denomination in all temperance matters. This society is managed by a board composed of a bishop and 15 members named by the bishop and elected by the late general conference. The board of managers has organized and directed its chairman to take steps to begin an active campaign. An official address has been issued to all members of the denomination asking their co-operation.

"The "shipment bill," which has been pending in congress for at least five years, does not seek to impose prohibition upon any locality, but provides that liquor shipped from one state to another shall immediately, upon crossing the boundary, become subject to the laws of the state into which it is consigned.

"The speaker of the national house of representatives," says the address, "absolutely controls its procedure. He is opposed to this legislation. He has used the power of his office to hold it in the judiciary committee appointed by him on the claim that it is unconstitutional. Our church, by action of the recent general conference insists that congressional doubt as to the constitutionality of such legislation be resolved in the interests of the people and the public morals and that the general conference unanimously adopt the report of Governor Hanly's special committee appointed to wait upon Speaker Cannon, which closes with the following words:

"We submit to our people and to all good citizens the wisdom of electing men as members of congress who believe in its validity, and who are willing to enact it.

"At least one member of the house judiciary committee has been defeated for the nomination on his record on this question and we believe that the time has come when our people, who want to help secure this legislation must support for congress candidates who will not only vote for this measure, if they get a chance, but will themselves support for speaker a man who will allow it to be voted upon, and that its passage is improbable until Christian voters recognize this situation and cast their ballots accordingly."

WEST LOST TO BRYAN

John R. McLean's Cincinnati Enquirer Sees No Chance for Democracy.

Cincinnati, Aug. 17.—That Bryan has no chance of gaining the vote of the western states is the declaration of the Cincinnati Enquirer. This paper, owned by John R. McLean, is the present Democratic organ of Ohio. Its chief competitor in this city is the paper owned by Charles P. Taft, brother of the Republican candidate. Mr. McLean frankly admits that this is not a Democratic year. An editorial in his paper says:

"News from the West, from all the country west of the Ohio river, gives ample evidence that in every state of that vast region, the Republican party has divorced itself from the element in its ranks that opposed or failed to heartily approve the policies of President Roosevelt.

"The bold utterances, the loud criticisms, the abuse and revilings by politicians and representatives of business interests have suddenly ceased, as against these policies, backed as they are now by the party's candidate, the party's indorsement, popular approval, magnificent crops and a renewal of prosperity. It does not look so favorable to the Democrats in the West as it did one month ago, a fortnight ago, or a week ago."

CARS HIT AUTO; 2 DEAD

Army Officers Victims of Accident in San Francisco.

San Francisco, Aug. 14.—Sergeant Major A. H. Belyea and Master Electrician Sergeant C. H. Jones, attached to the Presidio military forces, were killed last night when thrown from a runabout automobile which was crushed between cars running in opposite directions at Market street and Van Ness avenue.

Jones was handling the automobile and Belyea was seated beside him. They were riding down Market street and Jones drove the car across the path of a street car bound for the Ferry station. He had almost cleared the first track when an outward bound street car struck the automobile, hurling it against the other street car. Jones and Belyea were thrown out. They died within a few minutes.

The motormen in charge of the two cars were charged with manslaughter. The accident occurred during the rush hour and traffic on Market street was tied up for almost an hour.

NEW WAR MINISTER DEAD

Turkey's Program Makes Important Changes in Laws.

Constantinople, Aug. 17.—The new cabinet suffered a great loss yesterday in the sudden death of the war minister, Redjeb Pasha, from heart disease. The governmental program, which occupies more than two columns of the newspapers, was published yesterday. Its salient features include a declaration that all laws and regulations not compatible with the new regime will be amended; that the army, the navy and all government departments will be reorganized; that non-Mussulmans will be eligible for military service. The program promises that commercial treaties will be renewed and the best relations cultivated with all powers.

CLERGYMAN QUITS PRISON

J. Frank Cordova Served Nearly Four Years.

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 14.—J. Frank Cordova, the former South River, N. J. clergyman who eloped with Julia Bowne, a choir singer, and who afterward was sentenced to state prison, was released from that institution today after an imprisonment of nearly four years.

Cordova was let out early, but he was confronted by a crowd of newspaper men. He was taken to the Trenton Press club and later left the city in an automobile. It is believed he boarded a train at Bristol, Pa., for Philadelphia. He would not discuss his personal affairs. It is thought Cordova will remain in Philadelphia until he receives funds from his brother to take him to Mexico, where he was born.

INDICT GREEN GOODS MEN

Were Arrested on Complaint of Belleville, Mich., Man.

New York, Aug. 15.—The federal grand jury yesterday returned indictments against Charles T. Forbes, alias McDonald, and James McVicar for using the mails to defraud. The two men were arrested August 3 while trying to consummate a green goods game on Louis Ruthuff, of Belleville, Mich. They were arraigned before Commissioner Shields, who held Forbes in $4,000 bail and McVicar in $5,000.

The men were unable to put up the bail and were accordingly returned to the Tombs prison.

Besides the charge upon which they were held, there still remains the count of grand larceny against them on the police blotter.

SKIN CLEARED

By Simple Change in Food.

It has been said by a physician that most diseases are the result of indigestion.

There's undoubtedly much truth in the statement, even to the cause of many unsightly eruptions, which many suppose can be removed by applying some remedy on the outside.

By changing her food a Kan. girl was relieved of an eczema which was a great annoyance to her. She writes:

"For five months I was suffering with an eruption on my face and hands which our doctor called eczema and which caused me a great deal of inconvenience. The suffering was almost unbearable.

"The medicine I took only gave me temporary relief. One day I happened to read somewhere that eczema was caused by indigestion. Then I read that many persons had been relieved of indigestion by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I decided to try it. I liked the taste of the food and was particularly pleased to notice that my digestion was improving and that the eruption was disappearing as if by magic. I had at last found, in this great food, something that reached my trouble.

"When I find a victim of this affliction I remember my own former suffering and advise a trial of Grape-Nuts food instead of medicine." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Matrimo Directory Free. Rich when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH His List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 230-11 W. Adams St., Chicago

AGENTS WANTED—Agents to sell Willard Steel Ranges. W. G. Willard, 316 Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

BED WETTING Cured. 25c Pkg. FREE C. H. ROWAN, Dept. 48, London, Can.

$4 TO $10 A DAY EITHER SEX—selling our patented rapid selling articles. No scheme. Samples Free. A. M. Young & Co., 32 Howland Bldg., Chicago

Farm Opportunities Near **SALEM, OREGON** "THE CHERRY CITY" on the beautiful Willamette River. Hop, walnut and fruit farms pay $200 to $500 per acre net; dairy farms pay $200; improved farms $35 to $250 per acre; unimproved, $5 to $25. Excursion rates to Salem in September and October. For information and hard facts address BOARD OF TRADE, ROOM 46, SALEM, OREGON

MAY CHASE YEGGS

Reign of Terror in Eastern Massachusetts May Force Drastic Action.

Boston, Aug. 17.—With half a dozen perplexing murder mysteries on their hands to solve, numerous professional "hold up men," reaping a harvest of dollars in Boston and nearby cities and towns, and the possibility of the militia being called out to scour eastern Massachusetts to capture a band of murderous "yeggmen," who have killed four men and wounded a dozen others, the police are confronted with some of the most serious problems ever known in the criminal annals of New England.

The undeniable wave of crime which has swept over the eastern part of the state is credited to various causes, chief among which seems to be that many foreigners are out of work and are attempting to adopt the methods of European banditti. Doubtless, also, the large conventions held in Boston the past two or three weeks have attracted a large number of "crooks." It is known by the police that many of these came here immediately after the big Quebec celebration, anticipating a rich haul from the crowds which would gather.

Since January first many tragedies have occurred and the authors of the brutal deeds have yet escaped detection and capture.

The past week has been marked by a conference between Chief Whitney of the state police and Acting Governor Eben S. Draper, at which it is understood that the idea of calling on the state militia to round up and capture the "yeggs" or bandits who have created a reign of terror with the rapid fire automatic guns, was brought up and seriously considered.

GIRL DIES AFTER A PARTY

Circumstances Suggest Suicide —Motive Not Known.

Chicago, Aug. 14.—Miss Frances Sholes, 22 years old, a talented and attractive Evanston girl, was found dead in bed under circumstances that suggested suicide. With no apparent motive for such a deed, her friends and family refuse to believe that she took her own life, and even a coroner's jury could do no more than find that she came to her death by asphyxiation, either accidentally or otherwise.

Wednesday evening the young woman entertained a party of friends at her home and played and sang a number of popular songs. She seemed in the best of spirits.

In casting about for a possible motive for suicide, the question arose in the minds of some of her acquaintances, whether she might have had a love affair, but her intimate friends said she had had no affair of the heart.

GAVE CHILDREN POISON

Their Mother Then Tries to Kill Herself.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Ida Spooner, a widow, while temporarily insane, last night gave her four children morphine, and this morning attempted to shoot herself. One child is dead and two are in serious condition.

Mrs. Spooner is in the hospital conscious, but irrational.

MANY MINERS ON STRIKE

Action By Those Now at Work Taken Tonight.

Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 17.—With today's action by the various mining fields of the state, none of which will give notice until this afternoon, the fate of the strike in the entire Indiana coal field will be determined. With the exception of about eight hundred men still at work in the Evansville field, the strike in district No. 11 is now complete. This district includes all mines in the state except the Brazil block field.

A meeting has been called for tonight of the executive committee of the Indiana Bituminous Operators' Association to consider the strike. There are 16,000 men in good standing with the organization in the bituminous field of the state. The 2,000 or more in the Clay county block coal field are not involved in the dispute. Of the 16,000 perhaps 1,500 men are employed at mines whose owners are now members of the operators' association, and who will continue at work. These independent operators produce only ten per cent of the output of the field. It is said they have indicated they will not comply with the instructions of the association officials.

KAISER INVITES GEN. WOOD

Asks Him to See the Fall Army Manoeuvers.

Berlin, Aug. 15.—Emperor William has invited Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., to be his guest at the imperial maneuvers to be held in Alsace-Lorraine early in September.

The fall maneuvers are expected to be especially interesting. Upwards of 90,000 troops will be engaged. The balloon division will send twelve airships, two of them of steerable kind and the others for ordinary observation purposes. Wireless telephony will be used on the field to a greater extent than ever before, and much of the field transportation work will be done with automobile trucks.

LIGHTNING HITS STEAMER

Bay City, Mich., Aug. 17.—When lightning struck the steamer State of New York, out on Saginaw Bay last night, consternation reigned among the passengers for a few moments. The cooler heads prevailed, however, and there was no panic. The steamer's flagpole and a portion of her rail were torn away. The New York was carrying a moonlight excursion from Bay City.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS

Just Your Address Brings $1's Worth.

If you are in earnest about getting cured of your Kidney, Bladder or Uric Acid Disease, send your address to The Dr. D. A. Williams Co., 820 P. O. Block, East Hampton, Conn. By return mail they will send you prepaid a full dollar's worth of The Williams Treatment. Use it all. If entirely satisfied, send them $1. If not satisfied, keep your money. You decide. They take your word. Guaranteed harmless.

KILLS CLUBMAN

Captain Peter C. Hains Shoots Down William E. Annis, a Wealthy New Yorker.

New York, Aug. 17.—Captain Peter C. Hains, jr., U. S. A., who Saturday shot and killed William E. Annis, advertising manager of Recreation and Burr McIntosh's monthly, on the landing float of the Bayside Yacht club at Bayside, L. I., was arraigned this morning before Magistrate Matthew J. Smith, in the first district court at Long Island City. Similar action was taken in the case of Thornton J. Hains, brother of Peter C. Hains, amateur yachtsman and author, who held the crowd at bay with a drawn revolver while the captain accomplished his work of vengeance.

Annis, once numbered among Hains's most intimate friends, took advantage of the captain's absence on duty in the Philippines to lead astray his young and beautiful wife. She confessed to her husband.

Began Divorce Suit.

A divorce suit, instituted in June, with Annis as the co-respondent and then the shooting, were the results of the confession.

After the young officer had fired five shots into Annis's body his revolver was empty, and a crowd of yachtsmen and village people swarmed upon the latter toward him, with the intent of giving him rough treatment.

Captain Hains's brother, T. Jenkins Hains, the novelist and writer of sea tales, held them at bay with his revolver.

"This is a matter for the police only, gentlemen," he said calmly. "We will not attempt to escape. Just summon the police while we wait."

Then the brothers, each with a weapon in his hand, sat down upon the firing piece of the club dock and quietly smoked until the Bayside constabulary came to take them to the village lockup.

Case Is Continued.

When the case was called, Mr. Darrey, counsel for the brothers, asked for an adjournment of one week, in which time he desired to prepare for the hearing. District Attorney Darren agreed, and the case was put over for one week.

While this brief proceeding was going on, General Hains, father of the two brothers, occupied a seat in the court room. The general nodded to his sons, but had no opportunity to talk with them, as they were hurried out of the court room. The two brothers were handcuffed together and were required to walk all the way from the magistrate's court to the court house, a mile away. They were followed by a crowd of men and boys. During the walk to the county jail the brothers kept their hands in their coat pockets, apparently to conceal the handcuffs.

District Attorney Darren said that he does not believe counsel for the Hainses will attempt to make any effort to have either of the brothers admitted to bail, but should such an attempt be made, the district attorney will vigorously oppose it.

Special Grand Jury.

The district attorney added that he will ask for a special grand jury in an effort to have the case disposed of by a speedy trial. District Attorney Darren already is in possession of the names of many persons who will appear as witnesses for the prosecution, most of them being eye-witnesses of the shooting.

Acting Police Commissioner Baker today ordered Borough Inspector Flood, of Brooklyn, to take the Hains brothers to Brooklyn headquarters to be photographed and measured for the police records.

BALLOON RACE SUCCESS

Easterners Have Real Point-to-Point Contest in Air.

North Adams, Mass., Aug. 15.—The balloon North Adams No. 1, with A. D. Potter, of Greenfield, as pilot, and A. Holland Forbes and daughter Natalie, aged 12, as passengers, and owned by the North Adams Aero club, won the cup offered by Mr. Forbes in the first point-to-point race ever held in this country.

The race was started from North Adams yesterday afternoon. The North Adams No. 1 landed at 2:50 on the farm of Lyman Sanderson at West Whateley, about five miles from its previously declared destination, Haydenville. This was the first balloon to get away, starting at 1 o'clock.

The Greylock, owned and piloted by Dr. Roger M. Randall, of North Adams, and having Clarence Wildman, of this city, as passenger, landed at 2:30 o'clock at the Bryant farm in Ashfield, fully 12 miles from its desired destination, Leeds. The third balloon to start, the Heart of the Berkshire, owned by the Aero club of Pittsfield, was also the last to land, coming down at 3:30 o'clock in Amherst, within six and one-quarter miles of Whateley station, its destination.

The conditions of the race were that previous to the race the occupants of the balloons should designate some place, at least thirty miles from North Adams, where they would attempt to land, that they should land within ten miles of the postoffice of the place, and that the balloon landing nearest the announced destination should win the cup. Further, the winner should hold himself open for six months to a challenge for the defense of the cup.

U. S. BUYS AN AIRSHIP

Army Board Decides to Purchase Baldwin Craft.

Washington, Aug. 17.—The army airship board today decided that Captain Baldwin's dirigible balloon had met all conditions entitling him to the amount agreed upon for its purchase. The board calculated that the airship had maintained an average speed of 13.75 miles per hour while in the air 2 hours, 1 minute and 50 seconds, this speed being slightly more than the required 70 per cent of the maximum speed of 19.61 miles per hour.

Captain Baldwin will receive $5,737.50, which is 15 per cent less than the amount he would have received had he reached a maximum speed of 20 miles.

DIPLOMAT'S LIFE MENACED

Deposed Turkish Minister Gets Letters; House Guarded.

Washington, Aug. 15.—That Mehmed Ali Bey, the deposed Turkish minister to the United States, has received several anonymous letters threatening his life, and that the house on Calvert street, which until a few days ago was the Turkish legation, is being guarded night and day by secret service men, was admitted by Mahmed's secretary last night.

While declining to make public the text of these communications, the secretary stated that some were sent from New York and others bore the Washington postmark. There is a disposition on the part of Mehmed's adherents to blame the new charge d'affaires for the letters.

SAYS BRYAN IS STRONGER

Tammany Chief Murphy Declares Democracy Will Win.

New York, Aug. 15.—Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, gave out an interview today in which he declared that his view of the political situation in New York state is that "the Democracy is going to win this year." Of Bryan he said:

"Mr. Bryan is much stronger in the state than he was either in 1896 or 1900. Why? I do not exactly know yet, but the fact remains that there is a variety of evidence on which to base belief in his increased popularity.

"One reason, I think, lies in dissatisfaction with Roosevelt and Rooseveltian policies—too much autocratic rule and swinging of the big stick. A great many men who sided with the Republican party in the past will not do so this year."

FEUDIST TRIES TO SLAY

Row Started in Russia Is Carried to Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 15.—A feud originating in one of the secret societies of Russia which was transferred to New York, Philadelphia and this city, culminated here yesterday when Morris Horvitz, 35, while walking along Center avenue, was shot by Max Scholnick, 26. Scholnick was arrested by a detective who witnessed the shooting from a street car.

Scholnick told the officers that Horvitz was chosen by lot by the secret society to kill a certain army officer, but failed to do so, and at the next meeting of the society Scholnick denounced him as a coward and moved for his expulsion, which was done. Horvitz then exposed the society and its objects to the officials, according to Scholnick, and with the aid of Cossack officers forced Scholnick to flee the country, leaving behind his wife and children.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

To do or not to do—to have
Or not to have I leave to Thee;
To be or not to be, I leave—
Thy only will be done to me;
All my requests are lost in one,
Father, Thy only will be done!

MONDAY

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

TUESDAY

All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right.
One thing each time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell.

WEDNESDAY

If you would fall into any extreme, let it be done on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigor and yields to softness.

THURSDAY

There lies no desert in the land of life,
For even that tract that barrenest doth seem,
Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rife.

FRIDAY

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what He can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example.

SATURDAY

Do not despond, and say that the fond,
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
Its music is still your own.

"BE GLAD" TO EVERY ONE

"I don't care whether anyone likes me or not!"

This sounds like the plaint of a fretful child, but it is often spoken by mature people when things go wrong and they have what is commonly called "a grouch."

Well, of course, that "I don't care whether anyone likes me or not" is far from being the truth. There is none who does not like to be liked; there is none whose heart does not cry out for affection. External indifference is always assumed in the beginning, though one may become enveloped in it, like an armour, if the habit of indifference is long practiced.

There are many causes to bring about this semblance of indifference. The chief cause with the great average of humanity is injured pride, of revolt against what one believes to be the unjust treatment of the world. To put it in two words, it is "hurt self."

It is seldom we look within for the fault which has brought us to this plight, and so we are on the defense, and put up a hard front which repels friendly advances and inspires dislike.

The following bit of conversation is often heard. Probably there are few who, at sometime, have not taken part in it:

"I do not like her at all, her manner is so cold and distant, she freezes me," one woman will say to another in reference to a third who is not present, but is known to both.

Just as likely as not the one to whom the remark is made, exclaims in answer, "Oh, but do you know her, she is really very pleasant."

"Well, if she is, she doesn't show it," the first speaker retorts. "She makes me dislike her."

The moral of this little tale is, show your likeable qualities rather than your disagreeable ones, and your manner will lose the cold indifference that prevents you from attracting friends and makes you unpopular.

The woman whom everyone likes is the woman who likes everyone. What we reflect, shines back upon us. Naturally the woman who gives out the impression that she likes everyone has her preferences, but she has a way that draws people to her and wins their liking. She is liked in all company, because she likes it, and does not go into her shell if she happens to be with those she is not in the habit of meeting.

A pleasant countenance, a cheerful spirit and a good conscience form a splendid equipment with which to face and conquer the world.

There is a story about a droll little figure of a girl with a quaint, old face, that showed too early the lines of care and work. Her clothing betokened a poverty-stricken home. Evidently not much of brightness had touched her life, but her face always brightened when she mentioned her school or her teacher.

"Why is it that you love your teacher so well?" she was asked one day. Her eyes shone and her lips smiled happily. Promptly she answered, "because she's glad to me."

There you have, from the lips of a child, the secret of winning liking. Slough off your armor of indifference, forget to be on guard against fancied slights or injury to self, and "be glad" to everyone.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

ABOUT CHILDREN

Just think! Our editor has complained of our letters not coming in fast enough. I think if he knew how busy a time it is with the wives and mothers he surely would excuse us. The most of us have our housecleaning, gardening, sewing, and a baby to take care of, and many other things to do, but when we have our health and the lives of our family are all spared we should be thankful. I am afraid we do not stop to think about our soul welfare enough.

We have two boys and do all we can to amuse them. We take them to the circus when one chances to come to the county seat, to magic lantern shows, to picnics, to visit relatives, and to church and Sunday school. They have their company and gatherings, ball games and many other amusements that do not lead to harm. I believe if children had light work to do about the house they would not do so much roaming in the streets. They would grow to be better men and women, and more mothers would take them into their confidence, and talk to them and explain how they should live.

Our eldest boy, 15 years old, is working eight miles from home, and is getting $18 a month. He is in a nice home, among kind people and we feel he is safe.

Have any of the sisters had trouble with mould on gooseberries? If so, try pouring boiling water over them and let the berries stand in it over night. Then the mould can be cleaned off very easily. —Hoosier Mother.

Hoosier Mother—You made two mistakes in the first of your letter. In the first place, your editor is a "she," not a "he." In the next place, there was no complaint about a lack of letters. I mentioned there were not so many coming in as usual, but that it was all right. I know this is a busy time, and I know, too, when the fall work is finished and you have an opportunity for a "breathing spell," then the letters will come faster. Meantime, the Cozy Corner will go on just the same, for we are by no means forgotten by our friends. I am glad you wrote. Come again.—Elizabeth Ayres, Editor.

A FEW "DON'TS"

Don't worry children.

Don't worry about them. Guardian angels still exist, even in the Twentieth century.

Don't lose your temper with children.

Don't give way when you have decided on any plan for them.

Don't repel their little confidences.

Don't get impatient at their most unanswerable questions.

Don't indulge them foolishly.

Don't forget to encourage them and praise their little efforts to please you.

Don't show favoritism.

Don't disagree about them. The father and mother should always be in unison in their training.

Don't forget that they are God's children, lent to you for a season.

"BACKBITING"

I often read the Cozy Corner letters, although I am a "mere man." Seeing a letter on the evil of "gossip," I was tempted to drop a word or two concerning the subject. I suppose gossiping and backbiting are of the same species of serpent. I wanted to call attention to the chief difference between a poisonous serpent and a backbiting neighbor. The serpent wriggles through the grass, his natural element. The wayfarer steps on his tail. He follows his natural instinct and bites the wayfarer. The bite may cause death of the body.

The backbiter or gossiper does not stay in his or her native element, but invades the sacred precincts of the home. Without waiting, as does the serpent, for a supposed intrusion or attack, he or she fastens the poison fangs, secretly, covertly and craftily, not into your body, but into the priceless heritage of your good name or that of your neighbors. Now shall we apologize to the serpent?

But how about those who encourage these things by listening to them? In Psalm 15, verse 3, the Psalmist refers to those who "take up a reproach against his neighbor." The marginal note says, "or receiveth or endureth."

Let us be careful lest we be aiders and abetters in this God-defying sin. —H. Greeley Miller.

A MAN'S OPINION

Fashions and styles are, or should be, secondary objects. If women took as much time to dress their girls' souls as they do their bodies, there would be better women, and consequently better men. If our country was civilized in deed as well as in name, there would be no wearing of birds and feathers like the Indians. I think it is very bad taste. When I see a woman with birds on her hat I don't want to know any more about her. She does not represent the bird she has there, and she better put on a cat or some other ferocious animal.

As for wearing black, I never liked it. When I see a person wearing black because some of their people are dead, it seems to me they think they have gone down to perdition, the place that is supposed to be black and dark, and they are mourning for them as the Indians mourn by painting themselves and making a great demonstartion.—Old Subscriber.

A PLEASANT TALK.

I have listened to your chats with interest for a long time, but never had the courage to help along before. I live in Auglaize county, Ohio. My little boy crosses the great water divide each morning and evening, as he goes to and from school. There are several large hills in this county. On one of the largest, about two and a half miles from our house, is a synagogue where they hold camp-meetings for ten days each year in August. It is named Mt. Lookout, and the meetings are for all denominations.

This is a fine county for farming. We have a nice little farm of our own, near the small town of Waynesfield, where there are about 1,000 inhabitants. The town has three churches, four general stores, two hardware shops, two livery stables, one printing office from which is issued a weekly paper, a fire department, two doctors, two drug stores, a town hall, a post-office, three restaurants, three blacksmith shops, and a taxicab route from our town to the county seat. There is an interurban line running through the village, and as it is the first railroad of any kind that ever went through there, you may be sure we are all very proud of it. Altogether we think we have a fine and neat looking little town. I forgot to mention our telephone exchange, which is very good.

My husband and I have been married a little over ten years and have two little boys, aged seven and two years, respectively. My house gets upside down sometimes, but whose does not when there are little ones to play? I do all my own work and my mother's sewing, and I get along very well. Here is a little verse which I hope will help someone:

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.

In closing I will sign the name my husband gave me. It may not sound nice to you, but it means much to me. —Topsy.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

I do not know of any way to keep gilt braid from tarnishing, but here are two formulas for cleaning it.

No. 1—Brush it free from dust with a fine brush, and rub on it powdered rock alum, which will remove the tarnish when it is brushed off.

No. 2—Mix some powdered bluing with dry bread crumbs and sift it over the braid or gold lace, and rub with flannel. After brushing off the crumbs, polish with red velvet.

S. F.—An experienced laundress told me that the way to stiffen and iron black lawn is to use the best quality of starch, boiled, and iron on the wrong side.

Mrs. O. M. McKenzie sends the following answers to two of our inquiries:

If Mrs. M. L. Whelan will pour boiling water through the stains on her table linen it will remove them.

To keep bugs from seed beans, heat them slightly and then put them in some receptacle and seal them.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Isn't it a mercy that we never get cured of being expectant? It makes life so bearable. However regularly we are disappointed, and nothing whatever happens, after the first blow has fallen, after the first catch of the breath, the first gulp of misery, we turn our eyes with all their old eagerness to a point a little further along the road.

Grandma Nancy—Thank you for your letter and the enclosed verses. I am sorry, but I cannot promise you to publish them, as there are so many waiting for poems that have been requested. However, I'm glad you wrote. Come again.

Aunt Mary—Your letter is very interesting. Be sure to write another soon, telling us about southern Georgia. I shall be waiting to hear from you.

Grandma Farst—It would be impossible for me to find the recipe you refer to, but on the household page of July 23 there were some German recipes, which included one for dill pickles. I am sure you could find nothing better, as they were sent by "German Blonde." Come on with that letter you speak of.

The Cozy Corner has not been forgotten during the past week. We have some good letters to acknowledge. These are from Mrs. O. M. McKenzie, Aunt May, D. M. Riffle, Elouise, Aurora Belle, Mrs. A. A. B., and Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

The Dew Drop—Just as soon as I can I will get for you what you ask, if it is possible. Meantime be brave. Can I help you? Don't be afraid to tell me. —Elizabeth Ayres, editor.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Take care of your garden,
And keep out the weeds,
Fill, fill it with sunshine,
Kind words and kind deeds.

I am a boy 9 years old. I have just been reading some of the little boys' letters and thought I would write one. My papa has been a reader of your paper for several years, and we all like it so well. We want to keep all the papers. I am visiting my grandma and uncle. I have had a fine time fishing, going in bathing, and helping my uncle put up hay and drive the horse. I have watched them milk the cows and I have climbed cherry trees and picked cherries. Say, boys, that's fun. Did you ever pick cherries. Grandma and uncle live in Centralia. My papa lives in Seattle, Wash.—Osmund Fountain.

I am a little girl 13 years old. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I have two brothers. I had a sister, but she is dead. One of my brother's names is Harry, and Louis is the youngest brother of all. I live near the schoolhouse. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. I have a little cat. She is white and brown. Her name is Mable. My brother has a good water dog. He is white and black. He swims after ducks. His name is Rover. We have six hens and one rooster. I found a little bird's nest in the grass. There were five little young birds in it. I like our teacher. She is kind to us.

My mother is keeping a little girl two years old. Her mother is dead, and her father is working in the fish camp. Her name is Lily Haaf. We have a garden. Harry made it this spring. We planted turnips and radishes. I have two big dolls and two little tiny dolls. I pick violets and sweet grass and white blossoms. I live in Chignik, Alaska.—Rosie Harris.

I live in Forida, in a country where mosquitoes live. They hide on barks of trees in daytime. They fly about at night and bite us. The summers are warm, but the sea breeze makes it very pleasant. The winters are temperate. Hail does not fall here very often. The soil is so moist.

Pineapples, oranges, plums, peaches, grapes, persimmons, apricots, figs and vegetables are the chief products. Cattle, goats and hogs are the chief live stock. Plenty of oak trees grow here and there are many flowers.

St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. Jacksonville is the largest city in Florida. Tampa is next. It is on the Gulf of Mexico. The population is about thirty thousand. Key West is on the Florida Keys. Miami is at the southeastern part of Florida. The islands are mainly coral reefs. Sponges are found on them. I wish some of the friends would write about their state.—Vida Truex.

Dear Children—The suggestion to write about your native state is a very good one. Find out things about the state in which you live and write to us short letters of descriptions. Thank you, Vida, for suggesting the idea.—Your Editor.

I am fourteen years old and am in the ninth grade in school. I walk three-quarters of a mile to school. I never missed but one day last term. I am in the second grade in music. I have taken only one term of lessons. My stepmamma is my teacher. She is very good and kind to us. My sister, who is 11 years old, takes music, too. She is in the first grade. We have a piano. I have one married sister. She is a school teacher, and her husband is a teacher, too. They live in Oklahoma. I am aiming to make a music and school teacher of myself. We have many nice flowers. We have taken The Blade almost a year. —Audrey Pallett.

THE INDIAN AND ART WORK

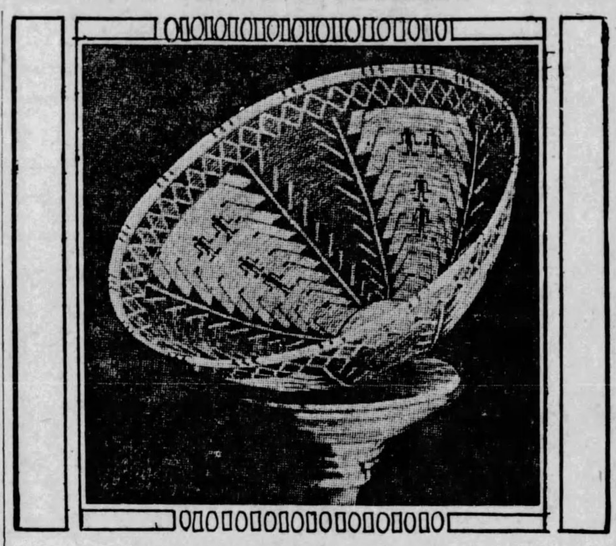
In an exceedingly interesting book written by George Wharton James and published under the title, What the White Race May Learn From the Indian, is a chapter on The Indian and His Art Work, from which the following extracts are taken:

Even our artists and designers may learn much of great importance from the Indian. While to most it may come as a surprisce that I claim great artistic powers for the Indian, yet no one can carefully study the basketry and pottery of the Amerind and not know the perfect justice of the claim.

In reference to their basketry, however, more than a mere passing mention is required. The Indian weaver shows marvelous ability in the creation of form, color, stitch and design. Turning to nature for her original inspirations she is not a mere copyist of what others have done. All her forms are based upon utility, and, therefore, meet the first and highest requirement of all art when applied to articles that are to serve a useful purpose. With the Indian, that purpose is openly denoted. The result is that, to the unperverted eye, the artistic work of the unspoiled Indian is as perfect in form as it can be. There is no wild straining after unique effect, no fantastic distortions to secure novelty; everything is natural and rational and, therefore, artistically effective.

In color, too, the original work of the Indian weavers, before the vile aniline dyes were forced upon them, was above criticism. The old baskets and blankets are eagerly sought after, at fabulous prices, by the most refined and critical of artists and collectors because of their color and harmonies. In every good collection are to be seen such specimens that are both the admiration and despair of modern artists.

As for weave, it is asserted upon the highest authority that there is not a weave or stitch known to modern art that was not given to our civilization by the aborigines. And they have many stitches of great effectiveness that we have not availed ourselves of. Take the Pomas alone—a tribe of basket-makers who live in northern California. They have not less than 14 different stitches or weaves, some of them of marvelous beauty and strength. Think of these poor Indian women making baskets for porridge, carrying baskets, plaques for holding food, mush bowls, and a score of other purposes, all beautifully decorated and ornamented



A FINE YOKUT INDIAN BASKET.

with designs that express some emotion of their own souls, some ambition, some aspiration, or some happy memory.

The Indian's life has trained his wonderful faculties of observation and memory. He was compelled to watch the animals in order that he might avoid those that were dangerous and catch those that were good for food; to follow the flying birds that he might know when and where to trap them and secure their eggs; the fishes as they spawned and hatched; the insects as they bored and burrowed; the plants and trees as they grew and budded, blossomed and seeded.

He became familiar, not only with such simple things as the movements of the polar constellations and the retrograde and forward motions of the planets, but also with the less known spiral movements of the whirlwinds as they took up the sands of the desert; and the zigzags of the lightning were burned into his consciousness and memory in the fierce storms that, again, and again, in darkest night, swept over the exposed area in which he roamed; with the flying of the birds, the graceful movements, the colors, and markings of the snakes, the peculiar wiggling of insects, and their tracks, and those of reptiles, birds, and animals, whether upon the sand, the snow, the mud, or more solid earth, he soon became familiar. The rise and fall of the mountains and valleys, the soaring spires and wide-spreading branches of the trees, the shadow they cast, and the changes they underwent as the season progressed, the scudding or anchored clouds in their infinitude of form and color, the graceful arch of the rainbow, the peculiar formation and dissipation of the fogs, the triumphant lancings of the night by the gorgeous fire-weapons of the morning sun, the stately retreat of the king of day as evening approached—all these and a thousand and one other things of beauty in nature the Indian soon learned to know, and from all these mental images he can readily draw when a design is needed.—Forbes & Co., Chicago, publishers.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

The following nature story by "Helen" should prove of interest to many. I like it very much.—Miss Prudence.

Our home is on the high bank of a stream. It is as pretty a stream, I am sure, as one would find in a day's travel. Its waters, that at times rise in their might and sweep the outlying lowlands, at this season slip gently along, now gliding beneath the willows of ancient memory, now bathing the banks where wild flowers bloom, now rippling over pebbles that lie in their course, and always suggesting serenity and peace, with never a hint of the danger that lurks in their placid depths.

We went fishing one evening, my husband and I, and thereby hangs a tale. A Molly Cottontail, to be exact. Just as we ran down the bank our attention was attracted up stream to where an animal was swimming across the creek. We watched it and found it to be a rabbit. This was, in itself, a surprise, for neither of us knew that rabbits will swim, but "still we gazed and still the wonder grew." When she landed, we expected Miss Molly to scurry away among the underbrush, but she sat down and began deliberately to make her toilet. She licked and rubbed, and cleaned, and smoothed, taking no notice of us whatever, though her movements were of much more interest than was the pastime that brought us to the stream. She worked away diligently, until she seemed to have her fur to the proper degree of smoothness. Then she hopped along the bank a short distance to a little hill where the sun had dried the black mud to a dust as fine and soft as powder. There she lad down and rolled, twisting and squirming and working the dust into her coat, for all the world like an old hen in an ash heap. Once her exertions caused her to roll down the little slope, but she scrambled back and went to work again, nor did she stop till a slight noise warned her of our presence. Then she was off like the wind.

Perhaps not everyone would find entertainment in an incident of this kind, but for me there is both pleasure and profit in watching the dumb creatures, and I should be sorry, indeed, to have missed this glimpse into the inner life of this dainty friend in fur.

Will Indiana Wabash please accept my very best wishes?—Helen.

Will you admit a boy from the Old Dominion? I live in Snowville, a small country town, about eight miles from the nearest railroad station. I think I had much rather live in a small town like this, than in the crowded city, where there is probably many a child who has never seen a tree. I like to be where I can have freedom.

My father is a merchant, and also a farmer. I have, at present, to drive five cows home from pasture, so you see that is one of the many tasks a country boy had to do. I am a lover of music, and have been taking lessons on the piano for quite a while.—Old Dominion Boy.

I have been reading your letters for a long time, but have not written because I thought your letters were more interesting than mine would be. I live eight miles from the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon. It is generally known as the Rose City. The first week in June a carnival of roses was held in Portland. They had the grandest display of roses that has ever been on the Pacific coast. Oregon Bach, what part of Oregon do you live in, and is there not a member who signs herself Oregon Schoolma'am?

My home is on a farm near the woods, and the house is built upon a hill so we can see quite a distance. Our mail comes to our dooryard every morning.—An Oregon Farmer's Girl.

Our "bachelor girl" is begging for admission into the Cozy Corner. Now I would much rather be with the M. G. R. I am only 25; that is not too old, is it? So please make room for me and I will try not to be tiresome.

We have not had The Blade in our home but a few months, and I so much enjoy this page. The letters from far-off states, and those telling of travels, etc., are especially interesting to me. Indiana Wabash, your letter was quite interesting and instructive. You certainly have a grand view from your windows.

I am an Ohio girl and am proud of my native state; have never been away from the county in which I live but a few times. Georgia Cracker, living in the south as you do, I do not think it would be a difficult matter for you to obtain a cook if you wish one. Isn't the weather beautiful now? I like summer so much better than winter.—Anna G.

I have wanted to write for some time, but somehow I couldn't muster up courage to do so, although I am a "scribbler" by profession. The truth is, I have nothing of interest to write about. I live in the southeastern part of the Buckeye state; which is about the most uninteresting spot on earth. I have always lived in the "backwoods," so to speak, but do not get lonesome very often. Good books and current literature help to keep away the "blues."

Western Witch and English Lad, you are both to be envied. Don't forget to come again. I have often thought I would like to live in the far northwest. I should like to hear from some of the readers who are "holding down" claims in the Dakotas.—Nightingale.

Like others of this circle, I have remained silent quite a while, but I still read and enjoy the letters. I love music and play some on the organ, but my health does not allow me to read or study much.

My home is in Oregon in the Wilamette valley. We can see mountains on three sides of us. The people here have small farms, so neighbors are near by, although there are not many girls of my size; however, I am not lonesome. I have no brothers and only one sister, and she is married. I have a kodak and enjoy roaming in the mountains and along the mountain streams. I was born in Nebraska, but my parents moved here when I was young, and we have lived on this one farm ever since. I should like to have more of the Oregon girls write.—Ivy Vine.

Dear Friends—Will you let a Nebraska girl join you? I am the only girl at home with my parents. I have one sister and three brothers, and they are all married. I am auntie to three children. I live in a house of five rooms, on a farm. We are a quarter of a mile away from our church. I am teacher of the infant class in Sunday school, so you may know I like church.—Nebraska Mae.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

The time to make new resolutions is all the time; a new year commences with every day of our lives.

Nobody's Darling:—I am very sure your letter was printed, or is in print ready for publishing, but I think it has already appeared in the M. G. R. You must have missed it.

Observer:—I regret we do not please you. If you had watched the column within the past few months you would have seen that several of those you refer to have written excellent letters. We have had also, many a good letter from the new members. Evidently you are one of those who cling to the past and mournfully sigh: "Nothing is like it used to be."

Now, Bunk, who'd a-thought it? Here you go and burst into poetry.

Will the writer of the letter signed "Somebody's Dearie," send her address to the Editor of the Household Page? I have a word to say to you.

Letters recently received are from Clyde J. Pierce, Bertha Lloyd, Hill Billy, Jolly Cholly and West Va. Sunshine.

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HER "MEAL" AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

A man who makes his home at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York relates the following incident, and vouches for its truth:

A nice-looking old lady who bore unmistakable signs of having recently come from the country, and who was apparently intensely interested in conditions in New York city, came into the corridor of this great hotel some mornings ago and was looking about her with a most lively interest. An attendant stepped up to her and asked her what she wished; not with any intention of discourtesy, but with a very humane desire to assist her in any possible way.

"I know well enough what I want," she said, "but I don't know whether you are the man I should go to. Are you the owner or the manager of this hotel?"

"No, madam, I am neither, but I can speak for the management and would be glad to serve you in any way. She was such a nice old lady that the heart of even a New York hotel attache warmed toward her.

"It's just this way, mister," she said. "I am visiting some friends uptown and broke away today to look about a little and see some of the sights of this town. I am 68 years old and live way up in York state and this is my first visit to New York. I have heard tell about this place for many years and I have always thought that I would die happy if I could only take one meal here. I would like to go back and tell the friends at home that I had eaten at the Waldorf—whatever the rest is—and what I wanted to ask you, mister, was if I could get a meal here for about 50 cents.

Just at that moment, Oscar, the genial and general manager of the place, whom everybody knows, was passing. Overhearing this question, he stopped and looked at the old lady. Like everybody else he warmed toward her instantly.

"Good morning, madam," he said with his most polite bow. "Did I understand you to ask whether you could get a good meal here for 50 cents?"

"Yes, sir," said the old lady, "that is about all I can afford to spend just now, as I wish to buy some little things for the children, and must look out for my ticket home. I don't suppose that would go very far in this hotel, would it?"

"You were never more mistaken in your life, madam," said Oscar with his most polite bow. "We can give you a very good meal here for less money than that. You come with me and I will see that you are taken care of immediately."

With that he led her into the main dining room, personally seated her at a table next the Fifth avenue windows, and asking to be excused for a moment, took the waiter aside and gave him some very definite instructions. Then Oscar returned to her and said: "You leave it to me as to what we serve you, and I will see that you are well taken care of."

"I know you will," the old lady said with a beaming smile.

There have been few luncheons served at the Waldorf-Astoria in the last month or so more calculated to please a nice old lady from upstate than was placed upon her table that day. It was not elaborate, nor was it French, but a careful selection of things that would certainly satisfy her, ending with an elaborate cut of huckleberry pie.

The old lady did justice to her meal and when it was over she turned to the waiter and said: "Do I pay you, sir, and how much is the bill?"

"Twenty-five cents, madam," said the waiter without a smile.

"That was less than I had expected," said the old lady. "Don't you think you have made a mistake? I thought it would be at least 50 cents."

"That is the price, madam," said the waiter gravely.

She fumbled with her pocketbook for a moment, and then handed out three ten-cent pieces. Trembling at her temerity she said: "Never mind the change, sir; the balance is for you, as you have been very good to me."

Then an unprecedented thing happened. The waiter bowed gravely and said, "I am very much obliged to you, but the waiters in this diningroom are not permitted to accept tips."

With that he gravely returned the nickel, and with many a pleasant "Thank you, sir, for your kindness," she moved slowly out of the diningroom, smiling upon everybody as she went.

THE POETS' CORNER

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Wordworth's Poem read at Cleveland's Funeral.

Who is the happy Warrior. Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to a glorious gain;

In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice:
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what is quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire
And in himself posess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore, does not stoop, or lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love—

'Tis finally the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object to a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-support;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:

This is the happy Warrior, this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

KEEP A-GOIN'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it rains or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'.
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

By S. W. Gillian.

Superintindent wuz Flannigan;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigan;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an back
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigan
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan
He writed tin pages—did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred,
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
Afther the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now, Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane an' completely out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he wired back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan
He blused rosy rid—did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail give way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his report was Finnigin!
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

SEEIN' THINGS

By Eugene Field.

I ain't afeared of snakes or toads or bugs or worms or mice,
An' things that girls are skeered of, I think is awful nice;
I'm pretty brave I guess, an' yet, I hate to go to bed,
For when I'm tucked up warm and snug and my prayers are said,
Mother tells me happy dreams an' takes away the light;
An' leaves me all alone a-seein' things at night.

Sometimes things is in the corner, sometimes they's by the door,
Sometimes they're all a standin' in the middle of the floor.
Sometimes they're a sitting down, sometimes they're walking 'round,
So softly and so creepy like they never make a sound.
Sometimes they're black as ink and other times they're white,
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night.

Once when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed and pintin at me—so!
Oh my! I was so skeered that time, I never slep' a mite,
It's alluz when I'm bad I see things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl or I'd be skeered to death,
Bein' I'm a boy I duck my head and hold my breath.
An' I am, Oh, so sorry, when I'm a naughty boy, and then—
I promis' to be better and say my prayers again
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right,
When a feller has been wicked and sees things at night.

An' so when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to squish the tempter's voice 'at urges me within.
An' when's they's pie for supper, or cake at's big and nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate for them things twice.
No! rather let starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight,
Than I should keep a-livin' and seein' things at night.

POEMS WANTED

The name of the author and the words of an old poem of which the following lines are a part, are very much wanted:

Into the valley's lap the dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops to make a single rose.

The song entitled The Old Man Dreams is asked for. It begins:

I'm dreaming a dream this chill midnight,
of days accounted olden.

The following lines are the chorus of a song asked for:

When the king comes in,
Every wedding guest will be richly dressed
When the king comes in

One of our readers is anxious to obtain the poem called The Station Agent's Story. It begins:

Take a seat in the shade here, lady;
'Tis tiresome, I know, to wait.

This is called for:

O Lord! how excellent Thy name,
How excellent Thy name in all the earth.

A LITTLE CHAT.

"Her Letter," a poem by Bret Harte, will lead the poetry next week. We have so many excellent poems in reserve it is difficult to know which to use first. Some of our good ones are, Just Before the Last Great Charge, The Bivouac of the Dead, Creeds of the Bells, Parrhasius and Captive, Antony and Cleopatra, and Daniel Periton's Ride, which is the story of the Johnstown flood. These do not by any means include all the good verse we shall publish in the future.

Please do not write letters of complaint when you find the poems published in the corner are not exactly as you know them. Many of these are written from memory, and it often happens there will be a number of different versions of one poem. Those who are kind enough to send them in should be thanked and not found fault with. The editor is very appreciative of the assistance she receives in conducting this column.

Poems received within the past week are: I Have Letters From My Father, Fatal Rose of Red, The Mother's Goodbye, and Fly Across the Ocean, Birdie.

It would just astonish you, if you could see the stack of poems we have waiting to be published. And the requests! Well, if you could see those, too, you would understand why you have to wait so long. But we'll just keep going, and, with a pull together, do the best we can.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw With Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless.

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURED HIM

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and today he is perfectly cured. Mrs Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, Eng., Jan. 12, 1907."

STEAMER BLOWN UP

One Woman Killed and Two Persons Are Fatally Injured.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 17.—A special to the evening Press from Traverse City, Mich., says:

Mrs. Isabel Labonte, of this city, was killed and a score of passengers were injured today by the explosion of the boiler of the passenger steamer Leelanau, bound from Leland to Fouch on Carp Lake.

Dead and Injured.

Following is revised list of dead and injured:

The dead—Mrs. Isabel LaBonte, 35, Traverse City.

The injured—John Hartung, Leland, dying; Russell Mills, Ann Arbor, scalded, condition critical; Stanley Mills, Ann Arbor, scalded, serious; A. B. Cook, Traverse City, badly scalded; Miles Atwood, Leland, slightly scalded; Richard Steffens, Leland, slightly scalded; Mrs. Ralph Hastings, Traverse City, badly injured; Ralph H. Hastings, city treasurer Traverse City, slightly injured; ten others are slightly hurt.

Carp Lake lies in the northern Michigan resort district, being located in the peninsula jutting northward between Lake Michigan and Grand Traverse bay. Among the passengers of the Leland were a number of resorters from other states, but the list of casualties contains only the names of Michigan people.

Having on board many pleasure seekers bound for Traverse City to attend a wild west circus, the little steamer was plowing down the narrow lake with a steam pressure of 80 pounds, trying to make up the time that had been lost on the earlier stages of the trip.

As she was passing Bingh, the engineer discovered a loose bolt in the engine and shut off the steam to remedy the defect. It was while he was working at the loose bolt that the explosion occurred. The boiler gave way with a crash, tearing off the top of the engine and demolishing the pilot house and hurling forward all parts of the steamer, but leaving Engineer Edward Hardy unscathed by the havoc that swept before him.

The force of the explosion had all been directed forward. Mrs. La Bonte, sitting near the pilot house conversing with her brother, Charles Morse, the captain of the boat, was blown far out into the water, terribly mangled, and John Hartung, who was at the wheel, was probably fatally injured. All those injured were sitting in the forward part of the boat. Many were thrown into the water and clung to wreckage until rescued by farmers living along the shore, although some were able to swim to shore. The injured were brought to Traverse City.

The steamer was towed to a wharf and tied up for repairs. She is 51 feet long, with 12 feet beam, and was rebuilt last season.

TOWN WIPED OUT

Sand Point, Idaho, Struggles Desperately Against Approaching Flames.

Sand Point, Idaho, Aug. 12.—With the wind blowing a gale and the adjacent town of Kootanai wiped out by fire last night, it seems as if no power can save Sand Point. Last night a small forest fire north of Kootanai was blown into the town of 300 inhabitants and it was burned to the ground.

The Humberd Lumber company's $200,000 mill at Kootanai also burned to the ground.

The homeless people have been brought here.

Five hundred volunteers are fighting the approaching flames. Sand Point has a population of 1,000.

The forest fires in the Lake Coeur D'Alene county, 70 miles east of Spokane, which were supposed to be under control a few days ago, have taken a fresh start and the flames are spreading in all directions, caused by the heavy winds. The large timber owners are sending all the men possible to fight the flames.

The damage is said to be already immense, and there is no telling when the fires will be checked. No towns are in danger today.

A big gang of men under James Bates, fire warden, has been rushed to Kimberlay from Cranbrook on handcars. It is hoped that by back firing the bush fires may be controlled. It is thought that the Sullivan buildings and town of Kimberlay will be safe unless the wind increases in the vicinity.

SIX KILLED, 18 INJURED

Breechlock of Gun on French Gunnery School Ship Blows Out.

Toulon, Aug. 13.—Six persons were killed and 18 injured in a gun explosion aboard the gunnery schoolship Couronne yesterday off Les Salins D'Hyeres.

The accident occurred while a number of recruits were receiving instructions in handling a 164 millimetre gun, the breach of which blew out.

Three of those wounded are in a desperate condition.

This is the third fatal accident to occur on board the schoolship Couronne within the past 16 months, all of which were due to the blowing off of breechblocks. In the first, April 19, 1907, three men were killed and several injured, and on August 2, of the same year three men of the crew of a four inch gun were killed and five wounded.

NO HAND AT THE THROTTLE

Lives of 300 on Grand Trunk Flyer in Peril.

Battle Creek, Mich., Aug. 14.—With Engineer Charles Strange lying injured alongside the track and the fireman busy on the back tender, the Grand Trunk flyer, eastbound, ran four miles yesterday afternoon with no guiding hand at the throttle and with 300 passengers in the coaches calmly gazing out of the windows unaware of the fact that they were riding on a runaway train.

While finishing his work on the tender the fireman returned to the cab to find the engineer's seat vacant. The fireman brought the train to a stop and backed it up until the engineer was found lying beside the track with his left arm and left leg broken, one shoulder crushed and his skull fractured.

It is supposed that the engineer lost his balance in leaning from the window of the gangway to look for a hot box.

He was taken to Nichols hospital here, where it was said there was a chance that he might recover.

BRYAN DEFINES ISSUES

Charges It Is Responsible for Abuses Existing in the Federal Government and Unable to Accomplish Reforms.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 12.—In a speech picking to pieces and criticising the address of William H. Taft, at Cincinnati on July 28, and the various planks in the Republican platform, William J. Bryan today accepted the nomination as Democratic candidate for the presidency.

The notification address was delivered by Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, who lauded Bryan and the party.

Bryan then responded. He accused the Republican party of being responsible for all the alleged abuses existing in the federal government, and promised, if elected, to call an extra session of congress immediately after his inauguration and ask for a law providing for the popular election of United States senators.

His speech in full follows:

Mr. Clayton and Gentlemen of the Notification Committee: I can not accept the nomination which you officially tender, without first acknowledging my deep indebtedness to the Democratic party for the extraordinary honor which it has conferred upon me. Having twice before been a candidate for the presidency, in campaigns which ended in defeat, a third nomination, the result of the free and voluntary act of the voters of the party, can only be explained by a substantial and undisputed growth in the principles and policies for which I stand, with a multitude of others, have contended. As these principles and policies have given me whatever political strength I posses, the action of the convention not only renews my faith in them, but strengthens my attachment to them.

A Platform Is Binding.

I shall, in the near future, prepare a more formal reply to your notification, and, in that letter of acceptance, will deal with the platform in detail. It is sufficient, at this time, to assure you that I am in hearty accord with both the letter and the spirit of the platform. I endorse it in whole and in part, and shall, if elected, regard its declarations as binding upon me. And, I may add, a platform is binding as to what it omits as well as to what it contains. According to the Democratic idea, the people think for themselves and select officials to carry out their wishes. The voters are the soverigns; the officials are the servants, employed for a fixed time and at a stated salary to do what the sovereigns want done, and to do it in the way the sovereigns want it done. Platforms are entirely in harmony with this Democratic idea. A platform announces the party's position on the questions which are at issue; and an official is not at liberty to use the authority vested in him to urge personal views which have not been submitted to the voters for their approval. If one is nominated upon a platform in lieu of the one adopted by the convention. No such situation, however, confronts your candidate, for the platform upon which I was nominated not only contains nothing from which I dissent, but specifically outlines all the remedial legislation which we can hope to secure during the next four years.

Challenge Accepted.

The distinguished statesman who received the Republican nomination for president said, in his notification speech: "The strength of the Republican cause in the campaign at hand is the fact that we represent the policies essential to the reform of known abuses, to the continuance of liberty and true prosperity, and that we are determined, as our platform unequivocally declares, to maintain them and carry them on."

In the name of the Democratic party, I accept the challenge, and charge that the Republican party is responsible for all the abuses which now exist in the federal government, and that it is impotent to accomplish the reforms which are imperatively needed. Further, I can not concur in the statement that the Republican platform unequivocally declares for the reforms that are necessary; on the contrary, I affirm that it openly and notoriously disappoints the hopes and expectations of reformers, whether those reformers be Republicans or Democrats. So far did the Republican convention fall short of its duty that the Republican candidate felt it necessary to add to his platform in several important particulars, thus rebuking the leaders of the party, upon whose co-operation he must rely for the enactment of remedial legislation.

As I shall, in separate speeches, discuss the leading questions at issue, I shall at this time confine myself to the paramount question, and to the far-reaching purpose of our party, as that purpose is set forth in the platform.

Shall the People Rule?

Our platform declares that the overshadowing issue which manifests itself in all the questions now under discussion, is "Shall the people rule." No matter which way we turn, no matter to what subject we address ourselves, the same question confronts us: Shall the people control their own government, and use that government for the protection of their rights and for the promotion of their welfare? or shall the representatives of predatory wealth prey upon a defenseless public, while the offenders secure immunity from subservient officials whom they raise to power by unscrupulous methods? This is the issue raised by the "known abuses to which Mr. Taft refers.

In a message sent to congress last January, President Roosevelt said: "The attacks by these great corporations on the administration's actions have been given a wide circulation throughout the country, in the newspapers and otherwise, by those writers and speakers who consciously or unconsciously, act as the representatives of predatory wealth—of the wealth accumulated on a giant scale by all forms of iniquity, ranging from the oppression of wage workers to the defrauding of the wholesome methods of crushing out competition, and to defrauding the public by stock-jobbing and the manipulation of securities. Certain wealthy men of this stamp, whose conduct should be abhorrent to every man of ordinarily decent conscience, and who commit the hideous wrong of teaching our young men that phenomenal business success must ordinarily be based on dishonesty, have, during the last few months, made it apparent that they have banded together to work for a reaction. Their endeavor is to overthrow and discredit all who honestly administer the law, to prevent any additional legislation which would check and restrain them, and to secure, if possible, a freedom from all restraint which will permit every unscrupulous wrong-doer to do what he wishes unchecked, provided he has enough money."—What an arraignment of the predatory interests!

Is the President's indictment true? And, if true, against whom was the indictment directed? Not against the Democratic party.

Endorses the Indictment.

Mr. Taft says that these evils have crept in during the last ten years. He declares that, during this time, some "prominent and influential members of the community, spurred by financial success and in their hurry for greater wealth, became unmindful of the common rules of righteousness honesty and fidelity, and of the limitations imposed by law upon their actions;" and that "the revelations of the breaches of trusts, the disclosures as to rebates and discriminations by railroads, the accumulating evidence of the violations of the anti-trust laws, by a number of corporations, and the over-issue of stocks and bonds of interstate railroads for the unlawful enriching of directors and for the purpose of concentrating the control of the railroads under one management"—all these, he charges, "quickened the conscience of the people and brought on a moral awakening."

During all this time, I beg to remind you, Republican officials presided in the executive department, filled the cabinet, dominated the senate, controlled the house of representatives and occupied most of the federal judgeships. Four years ago the Republican platform boastfully declared that since 1860—with the exception of two years—the Republican party had been in control of part or of all the branches of the federal government; that for two years only was the Democratic party in a position to either enact or repeal a law. Having drawn the salaries, having enjoyed the honors, having secured the prestige, let the Republican party accept the responsibility!

Republican Party Responsible.

Why were these "known abuses" permitted to develop? Why have they not been corrected? If existing laws are sufficient, why have they not been enforced? All of the executive machinery of the federal government is in the hands of the Republican party. Are new laws necessary? Why have they not been enacted? With a Republican president to recommend, with a Republican senate and house to carry out his recommendations, why does the Republican candidate plead for further time in which to do what should have been done long ago? Can Mr. Taft promise to be more strenuous in the prosecution of wrong-doers than the present executive? Can he ask for a larger majority in the senate than his party now has? Does he need more Republicans in the house of representatives or a speaker with more unlimited authority?

The President's close friends have been promising for several years that he would attack the iniquities of the tariff. We have had intimation that Mr. Taft was receive under the demands of the highly protected industries. And yet the influence of the manufacturers, who have for twenty-five years contributed to the republican campaign fund, and who in return have framed the tariff schedules, has been sufficient to prevent tariff reform. As the present campaign approached, both the president and Mr. Taft declared in favor of tariff revision, but set the date of revision after the election. But the pressure brought to bear by the protected interests has been great enough to prevent any attempt at tariff reform before the election; and the reduction promised after the election is so hedged about with qualifying phrases, that no one can estimate with accuracy the sum total of tariff reform to be expected in case of Republican success. If the past can be taken as a guide, the Republican party will be so obligated by campaign contributions from beneficiaries of protection, as to make that party powerless to bring to the country any material relief from the present tariff burdens.

No Anti-Trust Legislation.

A few years ago the Republican leaders in the house of representatives were coerced by public opinion into the support of an anti-trust law which had the endorsement of the president, but the senate refused even to consider the measure, and since that time no effort has been made by the dominant party to secure remedial legislation upon this subject.

For ten years the Interstate Commerce Commission has been asking for an enlargement of its powers, that it might prevent rebates and discriminations, but Republican senate and Republican house of Representatives were unmoved by its entreaties. In 1900 the Republican national convention was urged to endorse the demand for railway legislation, but its platform was silent on the subject. Even in 1904, the convention gave no pledge to remedy these abuses. When the president finally asked for legislation, he drew his inspiration from three Democratic national platforms and he received more cordial support from the Democrats than from the Republicans. The Republicans in the senate deliberately defeated several amendments offered by Senator LaFollette and supported by the Democrats—amendments embodying legislation asked by the Interstate Commerce Commission. One of these amendments authorized the ascertainment of the value of railroads. This amendment was not only defeated by the senate, but it was overwhelmingly rejected by the recent Republican convention, and the Republican candidate has sought to rescue his party from the disastrous results of the act by expressing himself, in a qualified way, in favor of ascertaining the value of the railroads.

Overissue of Stocks.

Mr. Taft complains of the overissue of stocks and bonds of railroads, "for the unlawful enriching of directors and for the purpose of concentrating the control of the railroads under one management," and the complaint is well founded. But, with a president to point out the evil, and a Republican congress to correct it, we find nothing done by the protection of the public. Why? My honorable opponent has, by his confession, relieved me of the necessity of furnishing proof; he admits the condition and he can not avoid the logical conclusion that must be drawn from the admission. There is no doubt whatever that a large majority of the voters of the Republican party recognize the deplorable situation which Mr. Taft describes; they recognize that the masses have had but little influence upon legislation or upon the administration of the government, and they are beginning to understand the cause. For a generation, the Republican party has drawn its campaign funds from the beneficiaries of special legislation. Privileges have been pledged and granted in return for money contributed to debauch elections. Reform can be expected when official authority is turned over to the representatives of those who first furnish the sinews of war and then reimburse themselves out of the taxpayers?

Fasting in Wilderness.

So long as the Republican party remains in power, it is powerless to regenerate itself. It can not attack wrongdoing in high places without disgracing many of its prominent members, and it, therefore, uses opiates instead of the surgeon's knife. Its malefactors construe each republican victory as an endorsement of their conduct and threaten the party with defeat if they are interfered with. Not until that party passes through a period of fasting in the wilderness, will the Republican leaders learn to study public questions from the standpoint of the masses. Just as with individuals, "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the truth," so in politics, when party leaders serve far away from home and are not in constant contact with the voters, continued party success blinds their eyes to the needs of the people and makes them deaf to the cry of distress.

An effort has been made to secure legislation requiring publicity as to campaign contributions and expenditures; but the Republican leaders, even in the face of an indignant public, refused to consent to a law which would compel honesty in elections. When the matter was brought up in the recent Republican national convention, the plank was repudiated by a vote of 880 to 94. Here, Mr. Taft has been driven to apologize for his convention and to declare himself in favor of a publicity law; and yet, if you will read what he says upon this subject, you will find that his promise falls far short of the requirements of the situation. He says:

"If I am elected president, I shall urge upon congress, with every hope of success, that a law be passed requiring the filing, in a federal office, of a statement of the contributions received by committees and candidates in elections for members of congress, and in such other elections as are constitutionally within the control of congress."

What Is Base of Hope?

I shall not embarrass him by asking him upon what he bases his hope of success; it is certainly not on any encouragement he has received from Republican leaders. It is sufficient to say that if his hopes were realized—if, in spite of the adverse action of his convention, he should succeed in securing the enactment of the very law which he favors, it would give but partial relief. He has read the Democratic platform; not only his language, but his evident alarm, indicates that he has read it carefully. He even had before him the action of the Democratic national committee in interpreting and applying that platform; and yet, he fails to say that he favors the publication of the contributions before the election. Of course, it satisfies a natural curiosity to find out how an election has been purchased, even when the knowledge comes too late to be of service, but why should the people be kept in darkness until the election is past? Why should the locking of the door be delayed until the horse is gone? An election is a public affair. The people, exercising the right to select their officials and to decide upon the policies to be pursued, proceed to their several polling places on election day and register their will. What excuse can be given for secrecy as to the influences at work? If a man, pecuniarily interested in "concentrating the control of the railroads in one management," subscribes a large sum to aid in carrying the election, why should his part in the campaign be concealed until he has put the officials under obligation to him? If a trust magnate contributes $100,000 to elect political friends to office, with a view to preventing hostile legislation, why should that fact be concealed until his friends are securely seated in their official positions?

This is not a new question; it is a question which has been agitated—a question which the Republican leaders fully understand—a question which the Republican candidate has studied, and yet he refuses to declare himself in favor of the legislation absolutely necessary, namely, legislation requiring publication before the election.

Promises Publicity.

How can the people hope to rule if they are not able to learn until after the election what the predatory interests are doing? The Democratic party meets the issue honestly and courageously. It says:

"We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law prohibiting any corporation from contributing to a campaign fund, and any individual from contributing an amount above a reasonable maximum, and providing for the publication, before election, of all such contributions above a reasonable minimum."

The Democratic national committee immediately proceeded to interpret and apply this plank, announcing that no contributions would be received from corporations, that no individual would be allowed to contribute more than $10,000, and that all contributions above $100 would be made public before election—those received before October 15 to be made public on or before that day, those received afterward to be made public on the day received, and no such contributions to be accepted within three days of election. This expenditures are to be published after the election. Here is a plan which is complete and effective.

Election of Senators.

Next to the corrupt use of money, the present method of electing United States senators is most responsible for the obstructions in the way of reform. For one hundred years after the adoption of the constitution the demand for the popular election of senators, while finding increased expression, did not become a dominant sentiment. A constitutional amendment was from time to time been suggested and the matter had been more or less discussed in a few of the states, but the movement had not reached a point where it manifested itself through congressional action. In the fifty-second congress, however, a resolution was reported from a house committee proposing the necessary constitutional amendment, and this resolution passed the house of representatives by a vote which was practically unanimouse. In the fifty-third congress a similar resolution was reported to and adopted by the house of representatives. Both the fifty-second and fifty-third congresses were Democratic. The Republicans gained control of the house as a result of the election of 1894, and in the fifty-fourth congress the proposition died in committee. As time went on, however, the sentiment grew among the people, until it forced a Republican congress to follow the example set by the Democrats, and then another and another Republican congress acted favorably. State after state has endorsed this reform, until nearly two-thirds of the states have recorded themselves in its favor. The United States senate, however, impudently and arrogantly obstructs the passage of the resolution, notwithstanding the fact that the voters of the United States, by an overwhelming majority, demand it. And this refusal is the more significant when it is remembered that a number of senators owe their election to great corporate interests.

Mentioned Three Times.

Three Democratic national platforms—the platforms of 1900, 1904 and 1908—specifically call for a change in the constitution which will put the election of senators in the hands of the voters, and the proposition has been endorsed by a number of the smaller parties, but no Republican convention has been willing even to champion the cause of the people on this subject. The subject was ignored by the Republican national convention in 1900; it was ignored in 1904, and the proposition was explicitly repudiated in 1908, for the recent Republican convention, by a vote of 866 to 114, rejected the plank endorsing the popular election of senators—and this was done in the convention which nominated Mr. Taft, few delegates from his own state voting for the plank.

In his notification speech, the Republican candidate, speaking of the election of senators by the people, says: "Personally, I am inclined to favor it, but it is hardly a party question." What is necessary to make this a party question? When the Democratic convention endorses a proposition by a unanimous vote, and the Republican convention rejects the proposition by a vote of seven to one, does it not become an issue between the parties? Mr. Taft cannot remove the question from the arena of politics by expressing a personal inclination toward the Democratic position. For several years he has been connected with the administration. What has he ever said or done to bring this question before the public? What enthusiasm has he shown in the reformation of the senate? What influence has he exerted in behalf of a reform which his party has openly and notoriously condemned in its convention, and to which he is attached only by a belated expression of personal inclination?

Gateway to Other Reforms.

"Shall the people rule?" Every remedial measure of a national character must run the gauntlet of the senate. The President may personally incline toward a reform; the house may consent to it; but as long as the senate obstructs the reform, the people must wait. The President may heed a popular demand; the house may yield to public opinion; but as long as the senate is defiant, the rule of the people is defeated. The Democratic platform very properly describes the popular election of senators as "the gateway to other reforms." Shall we open the gate, or shall we allow the exploiting interests to bar the way by the control of this branch of the federal legislature? Through a Democratic victory, and through a Democratic victory only, can the people secure the popular election of senators. The smaller parties are unable to secure this reform; the Republican party, under its present leadership, is resolutely opposed to it; the Democratic party stands for it and has boldly demanded it. If I am elected to the presidency, those who are elected upon the ticket with me will be, like myself, pledged to this reform, and I shall convene congress in extraordinary session immediately after inauguration, and ask, among other things, for the fulfillment of this platform pledge.

House Rules Despotic.

The third instrumentality employed to defeat the will of the people is found in the rules of the house of representatives. Our platform points out that "the house of representatives was designed by the fathers of the constitution to be the popular branch of our government, responsive to the public will," and adds:

"The house of representatives, as controlled in recent years by the Republican party, has ceased to be a deliberative body, responsive to the will of a majority of the members, but has come under the absolute domination of the speaker, who has entire control of its deliberations and powers of legislation.

"We have observed with amazement the popular branch of our federal government helpless to obtain either the consideration or enactment of measures desired by a majority of its members."

This arraignment is fully justified. The reform Republicans in the house of representatives, when in the minority in their own party, are as helpless to obtain a hearing or to secure a vote upon a measure as are the Democrats. In the recent session of the present congress, there was a considerable element in the Republican party favorable to remedial legislation; but a few leaders, in control of the organization, despotically suppressed these members and thus forced a real majority in the house to submit to a well organized minority. The Republican national convention, instead of rebuking this attack upon popular government, eulogized congress and nominated as the Republican candidate for vice president one of the men who shared in the responsibility for the coercion of the house. Our party demands that "the house of representatives shall again become a deliberative body, controlled by a majority of the people's representatives, and not by the speaker," and is pledged to adopt "such rules and regulations to govern the house of representatives as will enable a majority of its members to direct its deliberations and control legislation."

Shall People Rule?

"Shall the people rule?" They can not do so unless they can control the house of representatives, and through their representatives in the house, give expression to their purposes and their desires. The Republican party is committed to the methods now in vogue in the house of representatives; the Democratic party is pledged to such a revision of the rules as will bring the popular branch of the federal government into harmony with the ideas of those who framed our constitution and founded our government.

"Shall the people rule?" I repeat, is declared by our platform to be the overshadowing question, and as the campaign progresses, I shall take occasion to discuss this question as it manifests itself in other issues; for whether we consider the tariff question, the trust question, the railroad question, the banking question, the labor question, the question of imperialism, the development of our waterways, or any other of the numerous problems which press for solution, we shall find that the real question involved in each is, whether the government shall remain a mere business asset of favor seeking corporations, or be an instrument in the hands of the people for the advancement of the common weal.

Has Earned Confidence.

If the voters are satisfied with the record of the Republican party and with its management of public affairs we can not reasonably ask for a change in administration; if, however, the voters feel that the people, as a whole, have too little influence in shaping the policies of the government; if they feel that great combinations of capital have encroached upon the rights of the masses, and employed the instrumentalities of government to secure an unfair share of the total wealth produced, then we have a right to expect a verdict against the Republican party and in favor of the Democratic party; for our party has risked defeat—aye, suffered defeat in its efforts to arouse the conscience of the public and to bring about that awakening to which Mr. Taft has referred.

Only those who are worthy to be entrusted with leadership in a great cause who are willing to die for it, and the Democratic party has proven its worthiness by its refusal to purchase victory by delivering the people into the hands of those who have despoiled them. In this contest between democracy on the one side and plutocracy on the other, the Democratic party has taken its position on the side of equal rights, and invites the opposition of those who use politics to secure special privileges and governmental favoritism. Gauging the progress of the nation, not by the happiness or wealth or refinement of a few, but "by the prosperity and advancement of the average man," the Democratic party charges the Republican party with being the promoter of present abuses, the opponent of necessary remedies and the only bulwark of private monopoly. The Democratic party affirms that in this campaign it is the only party having a prospect of success, which stands for justice in government and for equality in the division of the fruits of industry.

Defender of Honest Wealth.

We may expect those who have committed larceny by law and purchased immunity with their political influence, to attempt to raise false issues, and to employ "the livery of heaven" to conceal their evil purposes, but they can no longer deceive. The Democratic party is not the enemy of any legitimate industry or of honest accumulations. It is, on the contrary, a friend of industry and the steadfast protector of that wealth which represents a service to society. The Democratic party does not seek to annihilate all corporations; it simply asserts that as the government creates corporations, it must retain the power to regulate and to control them, and that it should not permit any corporation to convert itself into a monopoly. Surely we should have the cooperation of all legitimate corporations in our efforts to protect business and industry from the odium which lawless combinations of capital will, if unchecked, cast upon them. Only by the separation of the good from the bad can the good be made secure.

The Democratic party seeks not revolution, but reformation, and I need hardly remind the student of history that cures are mildest when applied at once; that remedies increase in severity as their application is postponed. Blood poisoning may be stopped by the loss of a finger today; it may cost an arm tomorrow or a life the next day. So poison in the body politic can not be removed too soon, for the evils produced by it increase with the lapse of time. That there are abuses which need to be remedied, even the Republican candidate admits; that his party is unable to remedy them, has been fully demonstrated during the last ten years. I have such confidence in the intelligence as well the patriotism of the people, that I cannot doubt their readiness to accept the reasonable reforms which our party proposes, rather than permit the continued growth of existing abuses to hurry the country on to remedies more radical and more drastic.

The Party's Ideal.

The platform of our party closes with a brief statement of the party's ideal. It favors "such an administration of the government as will insure, as far as human wisdom can, that each citizen shall draw from society a reward commensurate with his contribution to the welfare of society." Governments are good in proportion as they assure to each member of society, so far as governments can, a return commensurate with individual merit.

There is a Divine law of rewards. When the Creator gave us the earth, with its fruitful soil, the sunshine with its warmth, and the rains with their moisture, He proclaimed, as clearly as if His voice had thundered from the clouds, "Go work, and according to your industry and intelligence, so shall be your reward." Only where might has overthrown, cunning undermined or government suspended this law, has a different law prevailed. To conform the government to this law ought to be the ambition of the statesman; and no party can have a higher mission than to make it a reality wherever governments can legitimately operate.

Justice to All.

Recognizing that I am indebted for my nomination to the rank and file of our party, and that my election must come, if it comes at all, from the unpurchased and unpurchasable suffrages of the American people, I promise, if entrusted with the responsibilities of this high office, to consecrate whatever ability I have to the one purpose of making this, in fact, a government in which the people rule—a government which will do justice to all, and offer to every one the highest stimulus to great and persistent effort, by assuring to each he enjoyment of his just share of the proceeds of his toil, no matter in what part of the vineyard he labors, or to what occupation, profession or calling he devotes himself.

17,000 LOAVES OF DIRTY BREAD DAILY.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 12.—In a report made public today Food Commissioner J. W. Johnson showed the condition of sixty-three bakeries of Omaha examined by his inspectors. The report designates seventeen bakeries clean, fourteen fairly clean, and thirty-two so dirty and unsanitary as to make the product unsalable if the consuming public knew of the conditions. The thirty-two dirty bakeries produce one-third of the bread and baked stuff consumed in Omaha and South Omaha, or about 17,000 loaves of dirty bread daily.

IRA D. SANKEY, NOTED EVANGELIST, IS DEAD

New York, Aug. 15.—Ira D. Sankey, known as an evangelist throughout the Christian world, died Thursday night at his home in Brooklyn, but the news of his passage did not become generally known until late yesterday.

Mr. Sankey was 68 years old. For the last five years he had been blind, and had suffered from a complication of diseases brought on by overwork.

But almost to the very last he worked at hymn writing. His tours throughout the country and Europe with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, brought him into wide prominence.

Sankey, it might be said, wrote the gospel hymns of the world. In China, Egypt, India, Japan, in almost every language known to man, Sankey's hymns are sung. He received a large income from his publications and leaves considerable of an estate.

Among Mr. Sankey's most familiar compositions are "The Ninety and Nine," and "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," songs said to have had a circulation of more than fifty million copies.

He was a rapid composer and wrote book after book of gospel hymns. During the last five or six years of his life he was interested in preparing and publishing the story of the gospel hymns. At the same time he saved his wonderful voice for posterity by singing into phonograps. The records were sent all over the world.

SANKEY'S FAMOUS VERSE

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare;
Away from the tender Shepherd's care;
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

At the beginning of his active life, Mr. Sankey was a Methodist, but for the last seven years he has been a Presbyterian. He is survived by a widow, Fannie V. Sankey, his two sons, I. Allen Sankey, and Edward Sankey, and two grandchildren.

THREE KILLED IN RIOT

Race War at Springfield, Ill.—Troops Rushed to Scene From All Parts of State.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 15.—Because a negro assaulted Mrs. Mabel Hallam, wife of a street car conductor, two white men have been killed, a negro lynched, 75 persons injured, two score houses bunred, Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibition presidential candidate, was injured by a brick, and Governor Deneen was kept at his office all night directing the movements of 1,000 troops, which early today finally secured comparative order.

The dead:
Hunter, Charles (colored).
Johnson, Lewis (white), 17 years old.
Scott James (white), 70 years old.

Rushing Troops In.

Troops are being rushed to this city from all parts of the state, negroes are leaving by trains, on trolley cars, and many of them on foot, and the mob spirit seems still to be rampant although the governor and military authorities claim that they have the situation well in hand.

The First Infantry, of Chicago, was today ordered to mobilize at once and start for Springfield on the first train that could be made up to carry them. When this organization arrives the town will be protected by three full regiments.

Despite the claim of the authorities that the mob is held in subjection, there is every chance of another clash between the whites and colored people. The negroes are well armed and are showing a spirit of determination. The white people are in an ugly mood, and farmers and men from adjoining towns are constantly arriving.

W. H. Bowe, assistant county treasurer, was attacked by a crowd of negroes early today and badly wounded. This has added to the excitement and resentment, which were already tense.

Trying to Arouse People.

A dispatch from Decatur says that many negro men who arrived today from Springfield are trying to arouse the people and urging them to go back to Springfield and fight. Several of them have been arrested and weapons taken from them.

Unless the military succeeds, during the day, in quelling the mob, much more effectually than has been done up to the present time, it is feared that the night will bring more serious trouble than has yet occurred.

Take Soldiers' Arms.

Soldiers' arms have been taken away and appropriated to the use of the mob. Whites are also coming from nearby country towns to help in the race war and there are thousands of men now swarming the streets. The whole business portion of the city is just as demoralized as the east end and many of the larger stores have closed to avoid trouble and to prevent loss by fire, raids and robbery.

Citizens are leaving town and women and children are departing on every train and interurban cars for places of safety. The blacks are just as determined as the whites and there promises to be an awful night unless the troops take drastic measures to restore order.

The assault was committed Friday morning and before noon George Richardson, colored, had been arrested and practically identified by the victim.

SCENE OF RIOT NEAR LINCOLN HOMESTEAD.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 15.—The scene of the race riot is within half a mile of the old homestead of Abraham Lincoln, the only residence ever owned by the martyred President. The house now is the property of the state. A monument here marks the grave of the emancipator. A statue of him stands in the capitol.

Crowds gathered about the jail, but Sheriff Werner's force and the police were able to preserve order until nightfall without difficulty.

Shortly after 5 a ruse was worked by the authorities and Richardson was spirited away to safety. With the assembled throng held at bay by the officers, a false run by the fire department temporarily drew the attention of the crowd, and the prisoner was hurried down an alley and pushed into an auto.

Away on a Train.

Before the crowd realized what had happened Richardson was being rushed to a point north of the city, where a Chicago & Alton train was stopped and he was put aboard with a heavy guard and conveyed to Bloomington and later taken to Peoria. With Richardson was taken Joe James, another negro prisoner in the county jail who is accused of killing Clergy Ballard, a state mine inspector, after attempting an assault upon Ballard's daughter. Ballard went to his girl's rescue, and was stabbed to death.

Immediately after the darkness had gathered crowds assembled in the vicinity of the county jail. The mood of the masses was ugly, and appeals by Sheriff Werner were without effect. The sheriff offered to let a committee from the crowd search the jail, assuring them that both negroes were gone.

Then a rush was made on the restaurant of Harry Loper, owner of the auto in which Richardson had been taken away. Short work was made of the restaurant, and the auto was turned upside down and set on fire. While the machine blazed frenzied hundreds poured into the cafe, tore fixtures and decorations from their places and piled them upon the blaze.

The local companies of militia, consisting of a company of infantry, a troop of cavalry and a gatling gun section which had been ordered out by Governor Deneen early in the afternoon, was busy with the situation in the vicinity of the jail and the local authorities had no men to spare at the scene of the Loper rioting. Finally, in a desperate effort to restore order, the cavalry troop was dispatched to the restaurant. Then the rioting broke loose in serious form. Shots were fired and the air was filled with missiles. Many fell in the melee, and it was here that Louis Johnson met his death. After the mob had moved to other scenes Johnson's body was picked up in the rear of Loper's place.

After nothing of Loper's place remained for the infuriated crowd a rush was made for the levee, which is usually populated with negroes, but the most of them had fled.

Firearms Seized.

Shortly before midnight the mob broke into Fishman's pawnshop and secured a quantity of rifles, shotguns, revolvers and ammunition. With these they armed themselves and started to march the streets in absolute control of the situation.

"Stand back, gentlemen, or I'll shoot every one of you who touches this man," were the words of Mr. Chafin, who faced a mob that attacked a negro while Chafin was delivering a public address on the east side of the square last night.

For his act Chafin was struck on the left side of the face with a brickbat, hurled at him by a member of the mob.

The mob finally gratified its thirst for blood this morning at 3, when an unknown negro was lynched at the corner of Twelfth and Madison streets, right in the heart of the so-called "bad-lands." Troops arrived at the scene too late to prevent the lynching. The negro was dragged to the street, beaten and shot five times. Then a rope was tied around his neck and the other end of the rope thrown over the limb of a tree in front of the store. With a cry of satisfaction the negro was swung high off the ground. He was dead in a few moments.

After riddling the body with bullets, the mob commenced to dance around the tree. At this point a company of troops from Decatur arrived and commenced firing, causing the rioters to disperse.

The burned district and the wrecked Loper restaurant, near Fifth and Monroe streets, were meccas for hundreds of sightseers, early trains bringing people from towns. Sentries picked from troops already on the ground were posted thickly about these show places, and kept the crowds back from the negroes, who searched the blackened ruins for traces of former possessions.

Scores Lost All.

Scores of poor families lost their all in the fires. The state has been compelled to come to the relief of these people. Governor Deneen issued orders today that all who desired assistance or protection against possible renewal of the riots would be quartered at Camp Lincoln. The incoming troops will also be taken there and other measures will be taken to wipe out the evidences of the riots as quickly as possible.

"We mean to give full protection to the rights of every citizen," said the governor. "No method by which this can be accomplished will be overlooked."

THAW BANKRUPT

His Assets Are $128,012.38 and His Liabilities Foot Up $453,140.43.

Pittsburg, Aug. 12.—Harry K. Thaw was formally adjudged a bankrupt at 11 today by Referee in Bankruptcy W. R. Blair.

This action was a surprise to those interested in the case, as United States Commissioner William T. Lindsay had set Aug. 21 at the date for the adjudication. No explanation of the change of plans and this morning's action has been made, but it is believed here that Receiver Roger O'Mara's visit to Thaw at Poughkeepsie yesterday had something to do with today's move. O'Mara was hurriedly summoned by Thaw Monday.

No hearing was held previous to the entering of the formal order of adjudication and Referee Blair has not announced the date of the first meeting of Thaw's creditors. Under the law this must be held not sooner than ten days and within thirty days. Referee Blair will probably announce the date of the meeting of the creditors tomorrow. An effort will be made to bring Thaw to Pitsburg for the first meeting of creditors and unless District Attorney W. T. Jerome, of New York, is able to prevent his coming it is believed Thaw will be in Pittsburg within thirty days.

Thaw's petition in bankruptcy was filed Aug. 7 and Roger O'Mara was named receiver. The petition set forth that Thaw's liabilities are $453,148.43, and his assets $128,012.38.

WEAR TWIN TIES; OUSTED

Ten Chinamen, Matches as to Neckwear, Deported.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Aug. 14.—When ten Chinamen were arraigned before United States Commissioner Kellogg yesterday, charged with having entered this country unlawfully from

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TURKS ARE RESTLESS

Strikes for Increased Pay Have Already Broken Out Among the Laborers.

Constantinople, Aug. 13.—The new era of freedom in Turkey brought about by the promulgation of a constitution by the sultan is producing symptoms of agitation among the working classes. Strikes for increased pay have already broken out among the dock laborers, tramway men and employees of the tobacco factories. The workers, however, are not organized and the movement is not expected to become serious.

Marshal Fuad Pasha, one of the most brilliant Turkish officers in the Russo-Turkish war, who was exiled for being identified with the Young Turk party in 1902, returned to Constantinople yesterday and was given a most enthusiastic reception.

An Armenian newspaper here gives an unconfirmed report of the intervention by Ottoman troops at Eregli, a town of Asia Minor on the Black Sea, to protect the Armenian population from the attacks of fanatical Turks. Order was not restored, the papers say, until 150 Turks had been killed.

BALLOON EXPLODES

Fatal Accident to Lovelace's Air Craft at London Exhibition Grounds.

London, Aug. 14.—Two persons were killed and six injured by the explosion this morning at the grounds of the Franco-British exhibition of the envelope of the baloon owned by Capt. Lovelace, of the New York Aero club.

Preparations for an ascent were being made when the accident occurred. The cause is supposed to have been the throwing down of a lighted match. Miss Hill, aged 18, secretary to Captain Lovelace, was one of the persons killed.

The other person killed, a man, and the six men who sustained injuries also were employed by Captain Lovelace.

Captain Lovelace's clothes were burned, but otherwise he sustained no injuries.

SULTAN REDUCES WAGES

Turkish Public Officials Get Salary Cuts.

Constantinople, Aug. 14.—An unpleasant impression was created here yesterday owing to an alleged proclamation of the Young Turks committee that should the powers intervene in Turkey's internal affairs a rising would occur which would imperil the existence of foreigners. This proclamation, it is supposed, is due to a report that Russia declared the powers must interfere if Turkey failed to crush the movement in Macedonia, but inquiry at the offices of the Young Turks committee elicited a denial of its authenticity.

The report that the young Turks had demanded that the sultan surrender one-half of his private fortune to aid in the rehabilitation of the empire is declared untrue.

The discontent caused by the dismissal of large numbers of officials has induced the present government to make an effort to effect retrenchment by reducing salaries instead of dismissal. Consequently it has been decided that all salaries above $50 a month shall be reduced by one-half.

To Uphold Constitution.

New York, Aug. 14.—A movement to uphold the constitution that has been restored in Turkey was launched last night at a banquet to Nakle Mountran Pasha, founder of the new Ottoman society, better known as the Syrian Ottoman Union society, tendered him by influential Syrians of this country.

Mountran Pasha is a wealthy man of noble blood and for seventeen years he was the moving spirit in the Young Turk party in Paris. Among those at the dinner tonight were Nojeeh Hany, a banker of Beyrout, Syria, who is going on a three weeks' hunting trip through Canada with the pasha in a few days; Dr. R. Haddad, Kalil Farah, of Montreal, who is said to be the wealthiest Syrian in America, a mine operator and owner, and Alexander Yazaji, the toastmaster.

GOVERNOR IS OPERATED ON

Curtis Guild Goes Under Knife for Appendicitis.

Boston, Aug. 15.—Following closely his recovery from a protracted illness which nearly proved fatal, Gov. Curtis Guild was operated upon yesterday for appendicitis at the Charles Gate hospital, a private institution in the Back Bay district. The operation was pronounced successful by the surgeons and the governor's condition is said to be most satisfactory. The governor has been spending his vacation at a camp on Sebago lake, Me., but on account of his illness he was obliged to cut short his sojourn there and he returned to Boston yesterday.

Governor Guild had but recently recovered from a serious illness of more than 13 weeks, during much of which time his life was despaired of.

IS READY FOR ACTIVITIES

Dutch Minister of Marine Cuts Short Vacation.

The Hague, Aug. 13.—The minister of marine cut short his hodiday and returned here today in order to be on hand should developments in the Caribbean, growing out of the difficulty between the Netherlands and Venezuela, require active naval action.

It is not expected that the cruiser Friestland will sail for the West Indies before the end of this month. With regard to the steamer Utrecht, it appears that this vessel already had been designated to relieve the Gelderland on the West Indian station. Whether or not the Gelderland returns home on the arrival of the Utrecht depends on what conditions are at that time.

PREACHER FULFILLS HIS WRECK PLEDGE.

Laporte, Ind., Aug. 17.—The funeral Sunday, at White Pigeon, Mich., of W. H. Schulter, a Lake Shore engineer, witnessed the carrying out of a compact entered into 16 years ago when Schulter's train was wrecked.

Rev. W. H. Brightmire, a prominent clergyman, who was a passenger on the train, located Schulter in the darkness pinned under his engine. Brightmire rescued him, and Schulter then made the clergyman promise that he would officiate at his funeral.

COAL MINERS TO STRIKE

Ten Thousand Ordered to Quit in Indiana.

Indianapolis, Aug. -15.—Ten thousand coal miners in the Indiana field may be called out by W. D. Van Horn, president of District No. 11, of the miners' organization.

The trouble started at the Rood mine in Sullivan county, several days ago, over the discharge of a mule driver who refused to pass under a piece of slate he considered dangerous. The miners' officials demanded his reinstatement, with pay for time lost. This was refused and the mine was shut down when the men walked out. Failure to adjust this difficulty resulted in the mine operators serving notice that they would cease all official relations with the miners and would discontinue withholding from miners' pay the dues they owe the union until the trouble was settled.

In reply to this the miners' officials today issued instructions that with the exceptions of engineers and pipemen all miners must walk out where the operator refuses to check off dues. The next pay day is August 25, when the issue will be raised, but in several mines it is expected the men will quit work at once.

FIVE TRIALS, ACQUITTED

Virginian Once Sentenced to Be Hanged, Free at Last.

Roanoke, Va., Aug. 15.—The fifth trial at Floyd court house of John Richards, the Floyd county school teacher charged with the murder of his rival in love, Maurice K. Francis, of Roanoke, ended today in acquittal. The first, second and fourth trials resulted in disagreements. The third trial resulted in conviction of murder in the first degree and Richards was sentenced to be hanged.

Francis was killed while on his way to see Miss Gracie Link, his fiancee, to set a date for their wedding. Richards had been a suitor for her hand.

Immediately following the end of the third trial Richards' father, mother and eldest brother died of pneumonia within a week, as the result of exposure in attending the trial. The prisoner was not allowed to attend the funerals for fear of lynching.

FIRE SWEEPS A RESORT

Dozen Cottages and a Hotel Are Burned.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Word was received here today that the entire Kaatskill bay section of Lake George, including the Kaatskill Bay house and a dozen cottages had been burned. The fire started about 9 o'clock this morning from a defective flue in the Mayflower cottage, owned by Mrs. N. F. Nelson.

The flames spread rapidly to surrounding cottages and reached the Kaatskill Bay house, which was practically destroyed. There was no means of fighting the fire, and the residents gathered as many valuables as possible and left the dwellings. The Kaatskill Bay house had about 125 guests. The proprietor is A. P. Scoville. The loss sustained is unknown.

AUTO KILLS A DEAF MUTE

Machine Didn't Stop; Driver Unaware of Accident.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 17.—Ignatz Wandrack, 41 years of age, a deaf mute, of this city, was struck and instantly killed by an automobile owned and driven by John J. Ryan, a turfman, at St. Mary's cemetery, in Lewisburg, on the outskirts of Covington, Ky., last night. Mr. Ryan was with a party of friends returning from a day spent in the country when the accident occurred.

Wandrack was one of a party of 25 deaf mutes who were attending a picnic near where Ryan and his friends were also spending the day.

According to witnesses, Wandrack was killed without warning and the machine did not stop after striking him. According to the statements of Ryan he did not know he had struck any one until he reached Covington, where he was told that a man had been killed by his machine.

Coroner W. N. Travin will investigate the accident.

INDIAN MEDICINE MAN

Old Buffalo Head Ministers to 101 Ranch Redskins.

Buffalo Head, bowed with the weight of seventy-five years and the responsibilities of his profession, is the medicine man of the Indians with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, which will be here next Monday, August 24. While the red men are naturally skillful in curing simple ailments and in surgery of a certain kind, there are many more serious diseases which they do not at all comprehend, and for which they have no medical treatment. Such diseases they believe to be caused by evil spirits, which must be driven away by the dream power of the doctor.

Buffalo Head's treatment consists of burning sweet-smelling vegetation to purify the air, of singing and praying to invoke the help of the power, of rattling instruments and making alarming sounds to frighten away the evil spirits, and of sucking and brushing off the skin of the patient to remove the mechanical causes of the malady. Usually, it is related, the victim dies!

OPEN IN WEST SEPT. 15

Borah Cannot Take Charge of the Bureau—Formulate Cash Gathering Plans.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—The Republican speaking campaign in the west will not be opened until about September 15. That date was agreed upon today at a conference of political leaders with Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee.

The organization of the Western Speakers' bureau cannot be effected by Mr. Hitchcock until he comes west again in about ten days, it had been expected that Senator W. E. Borah, of Idaho, would assume the direction of the bureau, but the announcement was made today that there had been such a demand for him to speak in all parts of the country that it had been decided he was too good an asset for speaking purposes to admit of his being tied down to organization work.

Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill, of New York, who will open the speaking campaign in Vermont, has been here several days in conference with political leaders and left for the east today. After he finishes in Vermont he will go to Maine.

A plan for the gathering of campaign funds in the various states was formulated at a conference today. The national committeeman in each state will be authorized to select a treasurer for his state, who will be a financial agent.

MILLIONS GO FOR "TRASH"

Campaign Waged in Germany Against Cheap Literature.

Berlin, Aug. 17.—"Twelve and a half million dollars are thrown away every year in Germany by the poorer classes in the purchase of pernicious penny dreadfuls," according to a statement just issued by the Durer Union, which is engaged in a campaign against the growing tendency in Germany to read trashy "literature." The secretary of the union vouches for the astounding declaration that 8,000 established booksellers and 30,000 peddlers are engaged in selling sensational serials and books containing complete tales of a very low order.

GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT

Roosevelt Entertains Ambassador and Eastern Politicians.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 13.—President Roosevelt had as his guest at luncheon today Charles S. Francis, of Troy, N. Y., American ambassador to Austria-Hungary, who has just returned from Vienna on a leave of absence.

A number of politicians interested in the New York state campaign also were received by the President today and took luncheon with him.

Gifford Pinchott, chief of the United States bureau of forestry, and Walter L. Fisher, of the national conservation commission, came to talk over the work of the commission for conserving the country's natural resources.

CHASE THIEVES 20 MILES

Farmers Catch One and Then Let Him Go.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 14.—After chasing a couple of chicken thieves more than 20 miles, wounding one, who finally made his escape, and capturing the other, R. C. Orway, Charles Pixley and a Mr. Huston let their prisoner go because they did not find any plunder on him and didn't think they had authority to hold him. The thieves left several crates and bags of chickens along the route of the chase.

Farmers between Grass Lake and Chelsea have had their hen roosts robbed frequently during the past month and the sheriff's force is on the trail of the culprits. The officers have a good description of the man freed after being caught and hope to soon land him.

PRETENDER MEETS DEFEAT

Mulai Hafid's Loss Is 300 Killed, 500 Wounded.

Tangier, Aug. 17.—A wireless dispatch received from Abd-El-Aziz, the sultan of record, announcing the victory of his troops over the troops under Mulai Hafid, the usurping sultan, in an engagement which was fought recently during the march toward Morocco City, states that the defeat of the enemy was complete. The losses of the adherents of Mulai Hafid are estimated at 300 killed and 500 wounded.

SEAL POACHERS CAPTURED

U. S. Revenue Cutter Takes Seventy-Five Japanese.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 17.—Cable advices from Valdez state that the United States revenue cutter Bear has arrived at Unga, Alaska, bringing 75 Japanese seal poachers from Seal Island, the prisoners being a part of the crews of two Japanese schooners recently captured. The Bear has sailed to bring the remainder.

United States Commissioner Driffield has ordered 25 prisoners held to the federal grand jury for examination. One of the captured schooners was rigged to resemble the cutter McCulloch.

STATE TROOPS SUMMONED

Negro Kills Policeman and Virginia Town Is in Uproar.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 12.—Three companies of state troops are quartered at the armory here, by order of Gov. Swanson, to be in readiness for a call for assistance from Portsmouth, opposite this city on the Elizabeth river, where great excitement prevails over the killing of Policeman W. S. Winningder by a negro named Strong. Four negroes have been arersted by the Portsmouth police in connection with the murder and are held for identification.

8,000 MEN RESUME WORK

Stettin, Aug. 17.—The outlook at the Vulcan shipbuilding yards here was ended today by the return of the 8,000 ship riveters, the men having accepted the company's conditions. The trouble had its origin in a dispute over payment of overtime wages.

ROOSEVELTISM IS ISSUE

Sherman, in Speech of Acceptance, Points Out Questions of Campaign.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 18.—In one of the briefest speeches ever delivered by a candidate for so high an office, James Schoolcraft Sherman at noon today accepted the nomination of the Republican party for the vice presidency. He spoke from a flag-decked stand erected in the front porch of his home in Genesee street and was surrounded by party leaders from different sections of the country and by an enthusiastic non-partisan crowd of friends and fellow townsmen.

The nomination was tendered by a committee appointed at the Chicago convention in June, Senator Julian C. Burrows, of Michigan, being the chairman and spokesman. There were brief addresses also by Secretary of State Foot, by President M. W. Striker, of Hamilton college, from which Mr. Sherman was graduated, by Mayor Thomas Wheeler, of Utica, and by Charles S. Simonds, chairman of the local reception committee.

Follows Taft's Example.

Mr. Sherman in his address of acceptance, followed the example of Mr. Taft in pledging the allegiance of any administration with which he may have to do to the policies of President Roosevelt. He declared there was no issue as to whether or not "the people shall rule."

"Surely the people shall rule," said Mr. Sherman, "surely the people have ruled, surely the people do rule." Casting thus aside the campaign slogan raised by Mr. Bryan, the Republican vice presidential nominee asserted that the "overshadowing issue of the campaign really is, "Shall the administration of President Roosevelt be approved?"

Mr. Sherman made no attempt to discuss in detail any of the issues raised in the party platforms, contenting himself with the declaration that he subscribed fully and heartily to all that had been written into the Chicago statement of principles and to all that had been said by Mr. Taft in his speech accepting the presidential nomination. He referred to the Democratic party as an "aggregation of experimental malcontents and theorists, whose only claim to history is a party name they pilfered."

Preceded by Parade.

The ceremonies at the Sherman home were preceded by band concerts in the downtown squares, a parade of the city fire department, a vice presidential salute of nineteen guns, and a parade of the gaily uniformed Conkling Unconditionals, in escort of the members of the notification committee from Bagg's square. Genesee street, from the railroad tracks to the Sherman house and beyond was lined with thousands of people. As many as could get within hearing or seeing distance later gathered about the Sherman lawn, almost completely blocking all street traffic. Aside from the formal exercises of notification, the committees in charge endeavored to make the celebration as non-political as possible. Mr. Sherman appeared to do in the best of health.

Secretary Root's address was a personal tribute to Mr. Sherman. He did not enter into a discussion of party issues in any form.

Sherman's Speech.

In his speech Mr. Sherman said in part:

"This official notification is welcome and the nomination you tender me is accepted; accepted with a gratitude commensurate with the great honor conferred.

"My acceptance could not be made with honor unless I were in full accord with the declaration of principles adopted by the convention. Not only am I in full and complete accord with my party's platform, but I endorse every statement made by Mr. Taft in his address of acceptance when notified of his nomination by the Republican candidate for president.

Is a Protectionist.

"First, let me say that I am a protectionist. I am sufficiently practical to value the utility of a fact higher than the beauty of a theory, and I am a protectionist because experience has demonstrated that the application of that principle has lifted us as a nation to a plane of prosperity above that occupied by any other people.

"I especially commend that plank of our platform which promises an early revision of tariff schedules. That pledge will be fulfilled in an adjustment based in every particular upon the broad principes of protection for all American interests; alike for labor, for capital, for producers and consumers. In the light of history the great issue of the campaign so vitally affects American citizens? Experience, that effective teacher—effective save with the one-man power now parading under the title of the Democratic party—has taught a valuable lesson and the result of the coming November election will once more prove the American people to be apt scholars.

Equality of Men.

"The Republican party believes in the equality of all men before the law; believes in granting labor's every request that does not seek to accord rights to one man denied to another. Every right-minded labor asks no more, no less, and approves the record of the Republican party because of that party's acts.

"As a nation our duty compels that by every constitutional and reasonable means the material and educational condition of the colored race be advanced. This we owe to ourselves as well as to them.

"I have not touched upon every plank of our splendid platform, but I reiterate my full and unqualified approval of its every promise.

"'Shall the people rule?' is declared by the Democratic platform and candidate to be 'the overshadowing issue * * * now under discussion.' It is no issue. Ours always has been, always must be, a government of the people.

The Real Issue.

"The overshadowing issue of the campaign really is: shall the administration of President Roosevelt be approved; shall a party of demonstrated capacity in administrative affairs be continued in power, shall the reins of government be placed in experienced hands, or do the people prefer to trust their destinies to an aggregation of experimental malcontents and theorists, whose only claim to a history is a party name they pilfered."

Throngs of Visitors.

Incoming trains during the morning brought throngs of visitors from the middle and western sections of the state, while the interurban trolleys from points as far west as Syracuse were crowded to the full carrying capacity. Belated members of the notification committee also arrived on the forenoon trains from both east and west. Among the distinguished arrivals were Secretary Root, whose home is but ten miles from here; National Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, who came on from Chicago, accompanied by several members of his staff, and State Chairman Timothy L. Woodruff.

It had been planned to fire a vice presidential salute of nineteen guns at 7 a. m., but this opening feature of the day's program was delayed until 11 o'clock. Before that hour, however, the members of the local reception committee had gathered at Bagg's hotel to receive and direct the incoming guests. Bands in three of the public squares gave morning concerts for the edification of the street crowds and under cloudless sky the city soon took on its holiday aspect.

Shermans Entertain.

Following the notification ceremonies at 12 o'clock Mr. and Mrs Sherman entertained the members of the notification committee and a few guests at luncheon. The afternoon was given over to a carnival of sports and music at Utica park. A dinner by Mr. Sherman, band concerts and electrical illuminations tonight will bring the day to a close.

Chairman Hitchcock met a number of Republican leaders here and made arrangements to have them engage in the speaking campaign.

TO GRAND ARMY VETERANS

The Toledo committee having in charge the care and entertainment of Grand Army veterans during encampment week, beginning August 31, has arranged to have all visiting soldiers met at the various railway stations of the city. Information bureaus will be maintained at all stations, and guides will be detailed to direct and escort arrivals to quarters, or to any part of the city. Thus, immediately upon entering Toledo, the veterans will be put at ease and started right on a week which it is hoped will be one of unusual enjoyment to them.

It is important, however, that all G. A. R. members, before entering the city, make inquiries of the trainmen as to the station at which they must leave their trains. If this is done, and instructions closely followed, the rest will be easy and all confusion and possible congestion will be avoided.

SEVEN DEATHS IN RIOT

Shooting in Race War at Springfield, Ill., Continues Today.

MOLASSES EXPLODES; REGIMENT RESPONDS.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 18.—A whole regiment of soldiers was brought into action when a can of molasses exploded and drenched a negro who was making a cautious purchase at a North Side grocery. The negro was standing at the store counter when the explosion occurred. With molasses dripping from his face, hands and clothing, he ran screaming from the store, through back yards and over fences, until he reached his home. There he cried that he had been killed, that the store had been blown up and that everyone was dead. The sound of the explosion and the cries of negro alarmed the nearest military camp and several companies of infantry got into quick action. When they reached the store the grocer was laughing so hard that he could not tell them what had happened. So they followed the trail of molasses and came at last to the dripping negro. The clothing was stripped from his body, but there was no sign of a wound. Then the grocer, who had recovered his composure, rushed in and cleared the mystery, and the soldiers wearily faced toward their quarters.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 18.—An attack upon pickets and the forced hegira of 150 negroes from cornfields on the outskirts of the city to the state arsenal kept the militia busy this morning in the race war that has been raging since Friday, following an assault on a white woman by a negro. The death list now numbers seven.

The firing upon the sentries and their answering shots occurred less than two blocks from the headquarters of General E. C. Young at the county jail. No one was injured but the flying bullets from the militia carbines caused consternation in the district.

Tried to Burn Factory.

The trouble followed an attempt to fire a factory building. A negro who had been ordered away from the place several times during the night was discovered lurking in a shadow by Private George Howell, of Troop E, First cavalry. Howell again ordered the man to move on, but the negro's reply was a shot from a revolver. He dashed down the street, disregarding the commands of other sentries to halt. As he turned into an alley Corporal Adelman and Private H. Loewenstein, both of Troop B, fired at him. The shots went wild, but they aroused the headquarters, two blocks away, and Company E of the First infantry was sent to the place on the double quick.

The alley and adjacent houses were searched, but no trace of the fugitive was discovered.

Vote Support for Governor.

Support of Governor Deneen's appeal to the citizens of Springfield to aid the authorities in fastening responsibility for the riots upon the ringleaders was voted at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce and the Business Men's association this morning. Strict enforcement of the laws was urged upon the officials, and the aid of the associations was pledged.

Following the addition of two victims to the death list and with sporadic outbursts of lawlessness in various parts of the city, indicating that the mob spirit still prevails in Springfield, Governor Deneen issued six proclamations offering rewards aggregating $1,200 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of the riot victims.

Two privates of Co. D, Fifth infantry, Earl Ashley and Guy Duncan, were fired on from ambush last night but were not hit. The attack occurred at Eleventh and Edward streets. Two troops of cavalry galloped to the place and sought the assailants. Five men were arrested.

Succumbs to Gunshot Wound.

One more victim was added to the death list of the Springfield mob last night, when G. W. Scott succumbed to a gunshot wound in the lungs sustained Friday night.

"Wait until the troops go" is the word passed around town, and recognizing the strength of the undercurrent, state, city and county officers are taking every effort to turn public opinion toward law and order.

All stores are still closed promptly at nightfall and the embargo on liquor selling is compete. Even hotels are not allowed to serve intoxicants to regular guests occupying rooms and the clubs are similarly situated.

One Soldier Arrested.

The first case of misconduct on the part of a militiaman was recorded when Leander Lindquist, of Co. L, Fifth infantry, from Decatur, was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct.

Because of the renewal of disturbances Mayor Reece has cancelled a permit to Ringling Brothers' circus, which was to have shown here today.

"Fire Plug Baths."

Lieut. Col. G. P. Marquis, deputy surgeon general, on arrival here found the soldiers had no means of bathing, owing to the absence of any large body of water, but he has met the situation with American ingenuity of solving problems, and has invented the "fire plug bath."

The fire plug baths are located near the city fire plugs. Two tents are erected. One of these serves as a bath tent, and adjoins a dressing tent. Through these two tents, entire regiments have passed and reveled in the pleasure of cool shower bath, applied with a hose.

IS PROSTRATED BY HEAT

Miss Eva Booth Under Physician's Care at Warsaw.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 18.—The condition of Miss Eva Booth, the commander of the Salvation Army of the United States, who was overcome by the heat and collapsed at the Winona Lake Bible conference following her address last night, was improved today. The patient, in charge of friends, started for her home in New York city.

SIGNED ACCUSING PAPER

Annis Able to Write Name, Charging Hains With Killing Him.

New York, Aug. 18.—New light is expected to be thrown upon the Bayside Yacht club tragedy at the inquest tomorrow night at Flushing, L. I., into the death of William E. Annis, killed Saturday by Capt. Peter C. Hains, Jr., U. S. A., while his brother, T. Jenkins Hains held at bay a crowd of yachtsmen who sought to prevent the shooting.

While Annis was lying on the float of the Bayside Yacht club after he had been shot, a friend, Mr. Rockwell, scribbled on an envelope:

"Shot by Captain Peter C. Hains, U. S. A., August 15."

This was handed to the dying man and in a firm hand he signed his name.

Dr. Henry Houghton, who was at the side of Annis when he lost consciousness, was quoted today as intimating that Annis in his last moment acknowledged he was paying with his life for a wrong he had committed.

"He told certain things to me," Dr. Houghton is quoted as saying, "which no one else heard and which I have told to no one. When I am called on to testify before the coroner's jury, I probably will make it public."

Frederick L. Norton, of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Haines' counsel in the divorce action brought by her husband, will visit this city next week in his client's affairs. Mrs. Hains intends to take action toward compelling the return of her children to her.

Killed a Man 17 Years Ago.

The district attorney is interested to learn that T. Jenkins Hains killed a man at Fortress Monroe, Va., seventeen years ago, and he will secure a copy of the court proceedings at that trial. Hains and Annis were on such friendly terms that they went automobiling together as recently as May 29. It is also disclosed that there were two women in the party and the police believe the women were Mrs. Hains and Mrs. Annis. The police records prove that the men were motoring together, for a motorcycle policeman arrested the party for speeding on Ocean Parkway. The case was postponed in court several times and is still on the calendar.

Another remarkable feature of the case is the friendship between Mrs Annis and Mrs. Hains. Mrs. Hains called upon Mrs. Annis Saturday afternoon and remained with her until nearly midnight. Mrs. Annis, who witnessed the shooting of her husband, has been prostrated since the tragedy.

Accommodating to Photographers.

When the brothers, handcuffed to detectives, were taken through the streets to a trolley line they were followed by a big crowd. Photographers took pictures of them and when one of the detectives told the photographers that they had taken enough pictures, T. Jenkins Haines said:

"Let 'em take all they want. They'll get 'em any way."

Mr. Annis was buried today.

SETS FIRE TO KILL SELF

St. Louis Woman, Heat-Crazed, Rescued by Policeman.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 18.—Three deaths, an attempted suicide and more than a dozen prostrations were the results of the intense heat that prevailed over St. Louis yesterday. At 2 p. m. the thermometer registered 95, but the high temperature was broken at night by rain.

The attempted suicide was that of Miss Anna Donohue, 26, who, while temporarily crazed by the heat and attired only in a night gown, rushed from her bedroom to the yard of her home, built a bonfire of grass and sticks, placed a chair in the center of the flames and sat down to die. She was rescued by two policemen.

MANY MINERS MADE IDLE

Low Water in Ohio River Prevents Shipments.

Pittsburg, Aug. 17.—Eighty per cent of the coal mines along the Monongahela river are idle and thousands of miners are out of employment as a result of the low water in the Ohio river. Practically all the coal from this district is shipped by river, but for several weeks the water has been so low no shipment could be made. The consequence is that every barge is loaded with coal awaiting shipment and no more coal can be mined until empty barges are received to store it in. The situation is said to be the worst in recent years and unless there is sufficient rain to raise the river, enforced idleness will cause much suffering among the miners.

WORKING FOR PROSPERITY

This Is Purpose of Traveling Men, Now in Session.

New York, Aug. 14.—Restoration of prosperity was the dominant purpose of the Commercial Travelers Interstate Prospertiy congress, which assembled in this city today for a two days' session. The first day of the congress was planned to be devoted to a reception, addresses on business topics, and a theatre party at night, while the second day was to be spent in sightseeing and athletic sports, concluding with a banquet at Manhattan Beach.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 15.—Bradstreet's says: Trade is of fair volume, crops have made further progress, corn especially being helped by rains, and collections show tangible improvement, though backwardness is still a subject of complaint here. All advices agree that buyers are in the various markets in large, if not record, numbers, but caution and conservatism are strongly apparent, and some centers note disappointment expressed at the volume of business done so far in August. Industrial reports are as favorable as for some weeks past. There is still slow, gradual improvement in the iron and steel and allied trades, though pig iron is lower this week, and as southern lumber prices are higher, there is talk of many mills being again set in motion. Still there are numerous reports of curtailed output, and textile lines at one leading center are running to only 50 to 60 per cent of capacity. Large auction sales of textile products have been well attended, and prices, while naturally lower than in regular trade channels, are fairly up to expectations.

Manufacturers of cheap and medium grades of shoes are doing relatively better than in more expensive lines; stocks in retailers' and jobbers' hands are reported light, and eastern shipments are larger, still they are below last year for the week and season, the latter by 31 per cent.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended August 13 number 249, against 205 last week, 146 in the like week of 1907, 143 in 1906, 147 in 1905, and 203 in 1904. Canadian failures for the same period number 31, against 19 last week and 30 in the corresponding week of last year.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 18.—Influences combining to render wheat basically weak were lower cables, clear weather in the northwest and a rather indifferent cash demand. Prices advanced at the outset as the result of a natural rally, following the reaction yesterday. Liverpool showed values 3-10c to 9-20c lower at the outset and 3-20c lower at 1:30 p. m. Local millers are sanguine of an improved demand for flour and wheat from foreigners before the end of the year. They say that European buyers were loaded up with high-priced wheat last year, and that they will lose out this season by going to an extreme of conservatism on the buying proposition. Dwindling of local receipts is taken as evidence that the growers are more determined than ever to hold their wheat for better prices. Unchanged in starting at 93½c, cash scored a gain of ¼c in the early hours. September opened ¼c higher at 93¾c, later advancing to 94¼c. December was ⅜c higher in opening at 95⅞c and ¼c above this price at 10 a. m. May at 99¾c opened ½c higher.

All wheat values at the close were ¾c higher. Southwest receipts were heavier. The increase in the visible supply was much less than a year ago. Toledo cash wheat closed ¾c up at 94¼, September ¼c up at 94½c, December ¾c up at 96¼c, and May ¾c up at $1.00. Liverpool closed unchanged to ¼d lower.

A real scarcity of corn is calculated to keep the price up, even if the crop outlook continues favorable. Liverpool was about unchanged. Farmers of Illinois and other surplus states are holding their corn despite the high price levels, more persistently than ever. Opening 1c higher at 81½c, September sagged to 81c in the initial hour. December opened ½c higher at 64c and gained ½c shortly after the initial quotation was posted. May was ½c higher in opening at 63½c.

Closes in corn were: Cash, 81½c September 81½c, December 65c, May 64¼c. Liverpool finished ¼d off.

The statistical position and the general conditions in oats appeared bearish. Despite this, local prices were generally higher. September opened ½c higher at 47½c, December ⅝c higher at 48⅛c and March ½c higher at 50c. The far future advanced ⅜c in the early part of the day.

At the close cash wras quoted at 48¼c, September at 48⅛c, December at 48⅞c and May at 56⅛c.

Clover seed bears continued successful in their assault. By battering the ramparts of the bull interests, they managed to hammer prices down to the $7.00 level. Not only was the country selling, but local appeared to be getting out from under. Brilliant crop prospects, at home and abroad, appear the sole cause of the slump. Bulls pin their hopes on the possibility of the clover seed midge, rains during harvest or some other natural cause reducing the yield. October opened 60c lower at $7.10 and receded to $7.00 in the early hours. December was an even half dollar off at $7.00 and March the same amount lower at $7.00. The last named option was raised 5c in the first half hour.

October clover seed closed 10c lower at $7.00, December 10c off at $7.00 and March 10c off at $7.05.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 18.	Aug. 17.
Wheat—					
Cash	93½	93¾	....	94¼	93½
Sept.	93⅞	....	....	94½	93¾
Dec.	95⅞	....	....	96¼	95¼
May	99¾	....	....	1.00	99¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	81½	81
Sept.	81½	....	81	81½	80½
Dec.	64	....	....	65	63½
May	63½	....	....	64½	63
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	48¼	47¼
Sept	47½	....	....	48½	47
Dec	48⅛	....	....	48⅞	47⅜
May	50	....	....	50½	49½
Clover Seed—					
Oct	7.10	....	6.97½	7.00	7.70
Dec	7.00	....	6.95	7.00	7.50
March	7.00	7.10	....	7.05	7.50
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	77	76½
No. 2	....	....	....	77	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	74	73½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.90	1.90
Sept.	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Cash	....	....	....	8.30	8.70
Sept.	....	....	....	8.30	8.50
Aug.	....	....	....	....	8.50

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	91¾	92½	91⅜	92⅜	91⅝
Dec. (new)	93⅜	94¼	93½	94⅛	93⅜
Dec. (old)	....	....	....	94⅜	93⅝
May	98	....	97⅞	98½	97⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	76	76⅝	....	76⅝	75¼
Dec.	65½	65	....	64⅞	63½
May	62¾	64⅞	....	63⅞	62⅝
Oats—					
Sept.	46⅝	47⅜	....	47⅜	46⅜
Dec.	47½	48¼	47⅜	48¼	46⅞
May	49¼	50⅛	....	50	49⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.00⅛	....	....	1.00⅜	1.00
Dec.	1.02	....	....	1.02½	1.01¾
Corn—					
Sept.	85½	....	....	86⅛	85⅝
Dec.	74	....	....	75½	74½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	92¼	....	....	93¼	92¼
Dec.	93¾	....	....	94⅜	93½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	15.07	....	14.57	14.72	15.07
Oct	15.22	15.25	14.70	14.85	15.22
Jan	16.00	....	15.50	15.72	16.02
Lard—					
Sept	9.27	....	9.07	9.17	9.27
Oct	9.35	....	9.20	9.27	9.37
Jan	9.10	....	....	9.00	9.10
Ribs—					
Sept	8.77	8.80	8.62	8.70	8.77
Oct	8.90	....	8.72	8.80	8.87
Jan	8.07	....	7.95	8.02	8.07

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Aug. 18.—Hog prices were firm again today, with continued light receipts. Packers took the bulk of the supply. Prospects appeared to be about steady for a few days.

Receipts of cattle were light and the market steady. Sheep and lambs ruled weak and veal calves slow.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.90@6.95; mediums, $6.90; Yorkers, $6.75@6.85; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.75@6.40; good pigs, $5.25; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.75; mixed, $6.75@6.85; bulk of sales, $6.85.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.50@6.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.25@5.00; ewes, $3.00@3